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SAMUEL BARD, M.D., LL.D.

A

DOMESTIC NARRATIVE

OF

THE LIFE

OR

SAMUEL BARD, M. D. LL. D.

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK, &c.



BY THE

REV. JOHN M'VICKAR, A. M.

PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY AND RHETORIC, COLUMBIA COLLEGE, NEW-YORK.



Intus domique præstantior.

De Sanctus,

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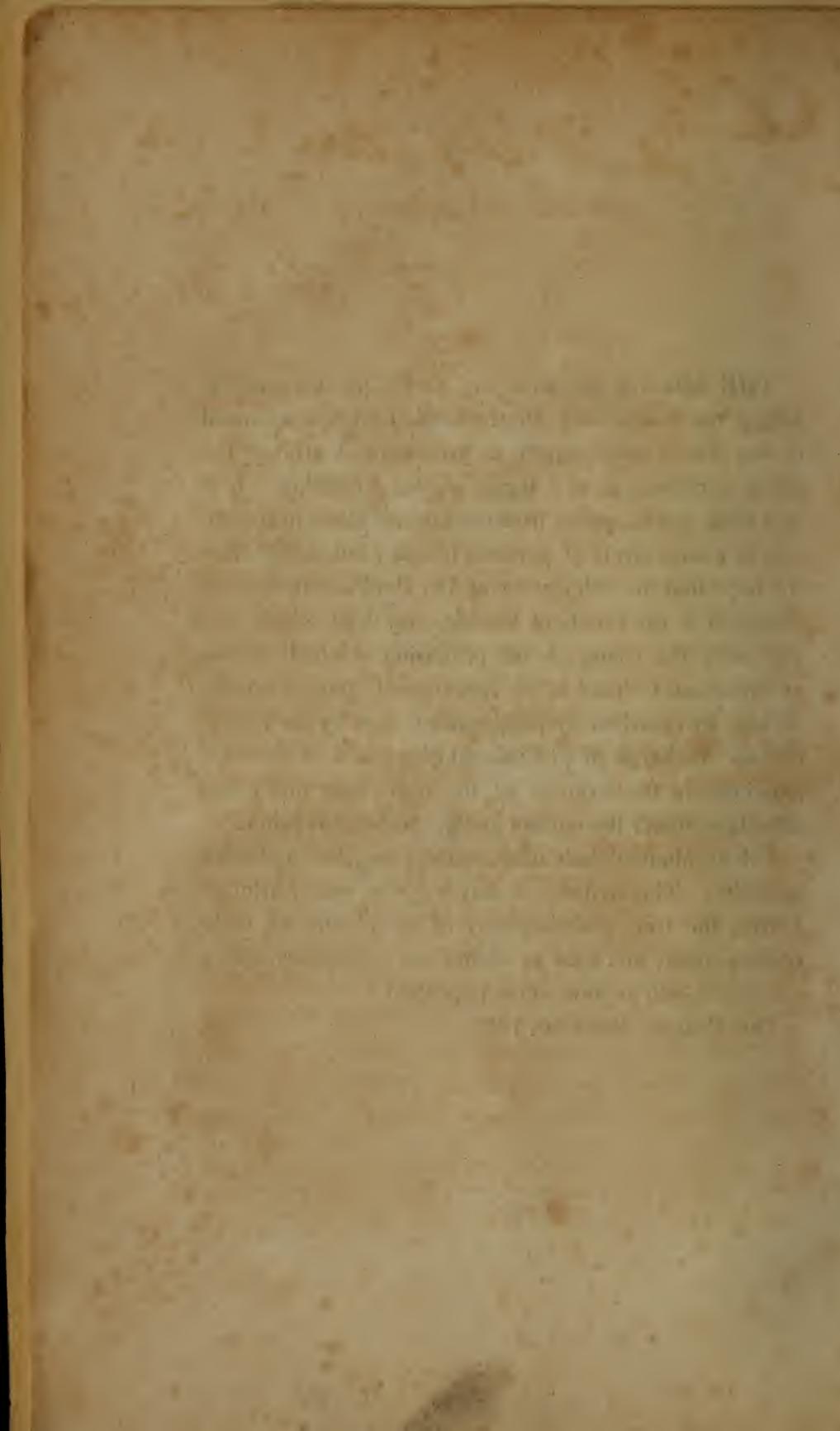
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THE following narrative was drawn up last summer, during the leisure of a short vacation from academical duties, with a view simply to preserve and arrange the fading recollections of a highly valued friendship.—It is now made public, partly from the interest taken in its subject by a large circle of personal friends ; but chiefly from the hope that the delineation of Dr. Bard's character, as displayed in the events of his life, may lead others, and especially the young of that profession of which he was an ornament, to tread in his footsteps—to pursue worldly success by exertion, by perseverance, and by the conscientious discharge of professional duty ; and to seek for happiness in the exercise of the benevolent and social affections, under the control and guidance of religion.

For its minute details some apology may be considered requisite. The writer can only say, he was fearful of hurting the truth and simplicity of the picture by withholding them ; and time or ability was wanting to analize and select such as were alone important.

Col. College, March 30, 1822,



Philolixian Society

DOMESTIC NARRATIVE, &c.



DR. SAMUEL BARD, the subject of the following memoir, was born in Philadelphia, April 1, 1742. On the side of both parents he was of French descent; his paternal and maternal grandfathers preferring their faith to their country, became exiles under the provisions of the revocation of the edict of Nantes—a decree which not only scattered throughout Protestant Europe the arts to which France was indebted for her prosperity, but also served to confirm, in the infant colonies of America, the spirit of civil and religious freedom, and to plant in them the ancestors of not a few of those who were destined afterward to maintain it.*

Peter Falconier, his mother's ancestor, found shelter for a while in the ranks of that triple alliance which the heartless ambition of Louis XIV. soon after that event, called into action. He was employed by the duke of Marlborough in the commissariship. Fragments of his army

* Among many others that might be mentioned as descended from the French refugees, are the families of Jay, Boudoin, Laurens, Pintard, and Boudinot.

accounts still remain in possession of the family, and give testimony to at least one excellence in the character of his much depreciated general. Emigrating soon afterward to America, in the capacity of private secretary to Lord Cornbury, governor of the province of New-York, and favourite cousin of Queen Anne, he was appointed by him surveyor general. This situation presented to him frequent opportunities of speculation, which he appears not to have neglected, as his name is to be found in most of the patents of that period. Amid the hasty revolutions of property, which characterize our country, none of these acquisitions came down to his descendants, with the single exception of his patent right in the tract of land named in honour of the governor, Hyde Park, and of late best known as the peaceful scene of the closing years of the life of his grandson.

His paternal grandfather, Peter Bard, on his arrival in America, immediately fixed himself on the banks of the Delaware, not far from Philadelphia, where he soon became attached to a neighbour, and a fellow exile. This lady was the daughter of Dr. Marmion, an English gentleman, who, as appears from a manuscript journal kept by his wife, a woman of perhaps stronger sense than her husband, and equal piety, had abandoned England, his home, and his church, from the scruples of a misguided conscience. The sympathy of a similar fate seems here to have united those, whom, under other circumstances, difference of nation and language would probably have repelled.

From the marriage which ensued, sprung his immediate ancestor, Dr. John Bard, a man who will not be quickly

forgotten where he was once known : in whom native taste and talent made up so fully for the deficiencies of early education, that he was the intimate friend and favourite companion of the few literary men of his period ; and in whose manners and conversation, frankness and courtly urbanity were so happily blended, that wherever he went he softened hostility, conciliated good will, and turned accidental acquaintance into personal and warm friendship. This latter talent was accidentally put to the proof in his removal from Philadelphia to the city of New-York, which took place in the year 1746, when his eldest son, the subject of this memoir, was in his 4th year. The anecdote was taken from the recital of one of the company present. A convivial club of gentlemen had just met at a public house, which, in those days of greater hilarity, was the usual place of entertainment, when the landlord proposed adding to their table a young physician, just arrived from Philadelphia, whom he could not otherwise conveniently accommodate ; he was accordingly introduced, an unexpected, if not an unwelcome guest. Whatever may have been the prepossessions against him, they were not of long duration. His countenance was engaging, his manners courteous, his conversation attractive, but above all, his wit and good humour, to such a party, were irresistible. The evening and the night were added to the day : they parted, at length, mutually well pleased ; and in this festive circle Dr. Bard found his earliest patrons, and warmest, and most lasting friends.

The education of his son commenced soon after. He was placed at the grammar school of Mr. Smith, a teacher of considerable merit, if we may judge from the age

at which his pupil was fitted to enter on his collegiate course : perhaps a less dubious proof of it, is the grateful feeling, with which, in after life, he was remembered. Of precocity of talent no evidence appears ; the few anecdotes, however, related of his early years, show the peculiar traits of his character to have been rather a felicity of nature, than the tardy fruits of discipline. He was regarded at school "as a quick, industrious, and amiable child :" and of the opinion entertained of his ability at home, the different treatment of him and his brother, prescribed to the master by their observant mother, affords a simple, but strong proof. "If Peter," said she, "does not know his lesson, excuse him—if Sam, punish him, for he can learn at will."

It would, however, be doing injustice to his own acknowledgment, to allow nothing to the careful discipline of a watchful father.

In that first of moral virtues, Veracity, he attributed no small portion of the veneration with which he regarded it, to the severe lesson which once attended an early departure from it. To screen from punishment a servant boy of about his own age, who had broken his father's cane, he falsely took the blame upon himself ; the deceit being discovered, his father praised his generosity, but punished his falsehood. His narration of this circumstance, seventy years after its occurrence, shows the strength and value of such early impressions. The lesson he then received, he transmitted to his children ; "any fault," he used to say, "may be excused, but want of truth."

Nor was he less indebted to the tender care and valuable instructions of his mother, who planted early, and deep

in his mind, the seeds of the truest wisdom. In a paper of religious reflections bearing date of his seventy-first year, he thus commemorates it.

“I thank God for the tender and affectionate care of my dear mother, through the hazards of a sickly infancy, and for having impressed upon my mind, almost from the first dawnings of reason, an early sense of religion.”

When about the age of fourteen, his constitution, which from infancy had been feeble, received so severe a shock by a continued fever, that his father judged it prudent to remove him, for a time, both from the city and his studies. He accordingly passed the ensuing summer at Coldenham, in the family of one of his father’s most intimate friends, Cadwallader Colden, lieutenant governor of the province. This residence not only restored him to health, but filled his memory with pleasing recollections both of the society and studies to which it introduced him. In this family resided Miss Colden, well known as the correspondent of Linnæus, and in whose honour the Coldenia bears its name, in the Linnæan catalogue. With this lady, differing in years, but united in tastes, Mr. Bard formed an intimate friendship ; under her instruction he became skilful in botanizing, a pursuit which ever remained to him a favourite amusement, and which owed, perhaps, a part of its attractions to the pleasing associations with which it was originally connected, since, to the end of life, he never mentioned the name of his instructress without some expression of admiration or attachment. Nor was the obligation unreturned ; with a degree of native taste, which through life made him a delicate, if not a critical judge of painting, he had united at this early age

much practical skill, which enabled him to double the value of his companion's botanical researches by perpetuating their transient beauties or peculiarities.

It is a source of much regret to the writer, that no letters remain to give individuality to these general recollections. The impressions of delight from a science thus studied, which the interval of a long life could not efface from his memory, would in them have been a vivid picture.

The delicate respect paid him on the following occasion, excited a feeling of gratitude proportioned rather to his own embarrassment, than the importance of the circumstance.

The first day of his arrival, Mr. Colden being absent, he was called upon at the dinner table to ask a blessing; through confusion or forgetfulness he began the Lord's prayer: he had not proceeded far, before he was sensible of his mistake, and overwhelmed with confusion; casting, however, a timid glance around, he became reassured, by the composed looks of the ladies, his auditors, and so proceeded gravely to its close. To this mistake they never made, he said, the slightest allusion, until the intimacy of friendship justified a smile at his long and unusual grace.

With renovated health, a mind enlarged by new studies, and manners formed by an early intercourse with the best society, young Mr. Bard returned to the severe duties of a collegiate life. At that time residence within the walls was not unusual in King's College, and Dr. John Bard, whose good taste led him to prize highly advantages he had not himself enjoyed, placed his son as private pupil in the family of the classical teacher, regarding the studies of that

department as the broad and firm basis of a refined and liberal education.

Dr. Leonard Cutting then filled that professorship with conspicuous ability ; an Eton scholar, and Cambridge graduate, his learning went, perhaps, beyond the existing demands of education in the country ; but it was not therefore useless : the youthful mind imbibes learning not only in quantity but quality ; and thus the good taste of an accomplished teacher becomes mixed up with the very rudiments of instruction. This is confirmed by the classical purity which marked many scholars of his school, and may serve to show that learned men are best even for the elements of education.

Be this as it may, in this case such was the result ; and Dr. Bard always spoke of his teacher not only in terms of affection and respect, but as one to whose refined taste and critical acuteness, he owed whatever he himself possessed of either. Nor was the degree of scholarship he communicated contemptible. He applied, in full force, that great instrument of learning, repetition,* “line upon line,” making them thorough in all they learned, and by frequent perusal filling their memories with the language, and imbuing their feelings with the spirit of the great authors of antiquity.

It is in this way only that the truly great advantages of classical learning are to be acquired, and by such students only, can its value be justly appreciated. Between a teacher thus able to instruct, and a scholar thus willing to learn,

* Of the power of repetition on this point, see the acknowledgments of Porson and Wytenbach, who have both taught it as the secret of their pre-eminent success.

arose, what is not often the fruit of that connexion, an intimate friendship, which was maintained during Mr. Bard's visit to Europe, by letters, of which there only now remain sufficient to make his biographer regret their loss.

The venerable Dr. Samuel Johnson then presided over this infant institution, with that tempered and benevolent firmness which marked his character in the earlier circumstances of his life.* Of his successful labours no better proof can be desired than the high standing to which many of his pupils attained in after life: and, indeed, few of our colleges can boast of having sent forth, at so early a period of their existence, a greater proportion of able and eminent men.

Industrious by nature, it was here that Dr. Bard laid the foundation of that habit of early rising which doubles the powers both of body and mind; a practice from which, in the remainder of his life, he never swerved, but always most earnestly recommended to the young around him, as the greatest source of health, of leisure, and enjoyment. What he enjoined upon others he practised himself; the ordinary excuses of want of rest or trifling indisposition never detained him after the earliest hour from the duties of the day. Daylight in summer, and an hour previous to it in winter, seldom found him in bed: it was thus in middle life he found leisure, in the midst of a laborious practice, to read, to write, to attend to the education of his children, his own improvement, the duties of a lecturer, and the claims of public and private benevolence; and all this without hurry or confusion, and without excluding

* For the particulars of the life of this excellent man, (written with great simplicity and interest,) see Chandler's "Life, &c."

himself from that social intercourse in which he alike delighted and excelled.

Boswell's vainly desired medicine that would enable him to rise out of bed with pleasure, our young student here found, in the salutary influence of early habit, and in what is perhaps necessary to its formation, the pressure of necessity. Narrow domestic circumstances made many calls upon his time—his father's want of private pupils, or rather of apprentices, as they then were, forced upon him all the duties of that station, while the college exercises, multiplied or enforced by his residence in a professor's family, of themselves furnished pretty full employment to a youth of sixteen years of age. The exertion, however, of performing them all, was well repaid ; it trained him to habits of strict economy of time, and a vigorous employment of it.

In the choice of a profession, his father's wishes coincided with his own ; while his opening talents were viewed by a partial parent in so strong a light, as to determine him to attempt educating him abroad : a plan much more consonant with his inclinations than with his means.

The school of Edinburgh was at this time in the highest repute, or at least rapidly winning from that of Leyden the popularity the latter had so long enjoyed, from the high and well-earned reputation of Boerhaave, a name so deservedly famous as, in the language of his great biographer, “to make all encomiums useless and vain.”

In the Scottish school was just then arising that constellation of talent, which afterward “shone forth with so mighty a lustre in the eyes of all Europe,” and redeemed the national character from that reproach of barbarism, which had, with justice, rested upon it from the period of

Buchanan's complaint, that he was born "solo et seculo
ineruditus."

After much anxious preparation, a traveller at the early age of nineteen, young Mr. B. bade adieu to his native country, with a mind stored with such learning as the colonies then afforded, and a heart not untutored by parental instruction.

The following is an extract from a letter of advice handed to him at parting :

New-York, Sept. 18th, 1761.

With regard, my dear Sam, to your moral conduct, I do not flatter you, when I assure you I have the greatest confidence in your piety, prudence, and honour : still a severe test of all these is now approaching, since you are going to a part of the world where you will be surrounded with allurements. Your greatest security will lie in the first choice of your company. If, according to all your former conduct, you associate with men of sense and business, of sobriety and honour, and with ladies of character and family, your time will be most agreeably and honourably filled up between a course of business and of pure and refined pleasure. This will render all your correspondence with the world easy and delightful, and enlarge your sphere of valuable connexions and friends. On the contrary, should you suffer yourself to be captivated with the idle or the gay, so far as to give into their schemes of dissipation, you cannot tell how far the powers of your mind may become enervated, and by habit lose that manly firmness which is the principal guard to a generous, virtuous, and innocent life. Remember, my dear Sam, a maxim of Gay,

"Plant virtue, and content's the fruit."

I do recommend to you, in a very particular manner, to attend upon the public worship of God constantly, at least every Sunday, which your piety, I hope, will naturally prompt you to; and arm yourself against any arguments you may accidentally be exposed to, that have a design to lessen the authority and excellency of the Christian religion. Be assured that it is not only more right in itself, but infinitely more honourable and becoming the character of a gentleman, to appear an advocate on the side of religion, than to give the least countenance to the schemes of deism and infidelity. The greatest, the gravest, and the best of men, have always been on this side; and these are the characters I would advise you to emulate.

I do sincerely beg of God to bless you in all your undertakings, and am,

Your affectionate father,

JOHN BARD.

Parental anxiety was not diminished, when two months after his departure, the following letter was received from him.

Bayonne Castle, Nov. 28, 1761.

HONOURED SIR,

When I set out from New-York, I thought of nothing but the advantages I was about to reap, and the pleasures I should enjoy in Europe; but we had not been long at sea, before I was convinced, by a very disagreeable accident, how vain are human calculations. Three weeks after I left you, being the 2d of November, we unfortunately fell into the hands of the enemy, and on the 24th

arrived at St. Jean De Luz, a small town on the coast, in the South of France, from whence I was carried to Bayonne Castle. My misfortune indeed would have been very grievous, had I not had the good fortune to meet with Capt. Waddle from New-York, and Capt. Falconer from Philadelphia, fellow prisoners, who have taken me into their room, and generously furnished me with money until I can hear from Mr. Neat, to whom I have written for credit and security to go into the country, and do not doubt but that, from the generosity with which he has treated the two above-mentioned gentlemen, I shall receive it by return of post. I have likewise written to Dr. Franklin, to desire his interest in procuring my release. The uneasiness that this accident will naturally give you, I assure you, affects me more than the misfortune itself; it is true, confinement is very disagreeable, but the castle is at present very healthy, the victuals are good in their kind, and we have a large court allowed us to walk in.

Your affectionate son,

SAMUEL BARD.

A subsequent letter, which, as he observes, is not to be read by the commandant, gives a much less pleasing picture of his situation. Pillaged at the time of his capture, robbed of what little remained to him on landing, by the military police, defrauded by the commandant of one half of the government allowance to prisoners, he was literally starving upon two and a half pence a day, when the kindness of his fellow prisoners in some measure relieved him. Had it not been for this accidental recognition, he would probably have fallen a sacrifice to the police of a French

prison, as his sufferings had thrown him into a severe illness ; a circumstance which, with peculiar tenderness, he withheld from the knowledge of his parents until his restoration to both health and liberty.

The same thoughtful filial affection appears in the following extract from a third letter which remains of his correspondence from his prison.

“ As my present situation is such, that it affords nothing new or agreeable to acquaint you with, I should not think it worth while to be constantly renewing your uneasiness, by putting you in mind of my unhappy situation, did I not know that being assured of my health gives you a satisfaction which I think would be a breach of duty in me to deprive you of.”

The means of release to which he trusted not operating as speedily as he had hoped, his anxiety to reach the scene of his labours led him to attempt an escape by the connivance of one of the guard. This rash measure might have added to the severity of his confinement, had it not been speedily terminated, through the intervention of powerful influence.—With Dr. Franklin, who then resided in London as agent for several of the Colonies, Dr. John Bard, had early formed a warm and intimate friendship : while fellow-citizens of Philadelphia, they were both members of a select club, in which mirth and literature were not unhappily combined ; and for which the shrewdness of Franklin, and the convivial talents of Dr. Bard, formed no contemptible basis. Of these *anecdotes*, many traditional anecdotes are preserved in Dr. Bard’s family. The insertion of the following may be pardoned as the *jeu d’esprit* of an extraordinary man ; as superadding to the cha-

racter of the acute philosopher and *wily* politician, that of the boon companion and poet.

Some exception being jocularly taken at one of their suppers, that married men should sing the praises of poet's mistresses, Dr. Bard received the ensuing morning, at breakfast, the following song from Dr. Franklin, with a request that he would be ready with it by their next meeting.

Of your Chloes and Phillises poets may prate,
I sing of my dear country Joan ;
These twelve years my wife, still the joy of my life,
Blest day that I made her my own !
My dear friends, &c.

Not a word of her face, her shape, or her air,
Or of flames, or of darts, you shall hear ;
I beauty admire, but 'tis virtue I prize,
That fades not in seventy year.

Am I loaded with care, she takes off a large share,
That the burden ne'er makes me to reel ;
Does good fortune arrive, the joy of my wife,
Quite doubles the pleasure I feel.

She defends my good name, e'en where I'm to blame,
Friend as firm as to man e'er was given ;
Her compassionate breast feels for all the distrest,
Which draws down more blessings from Heaven.

In peace and good order my household she guides,
Right careful to save what I gain ;
And cheerfully spends and smiles on the friends,
I've the pleasure to entertain.

In health a companion delightful and dear,
 Still easy, engaging, and free ;
 In sickness no worse than the carefulest nurse,
 As tender as tender can be.

Some faults have we all, and so has my Joan,
 But then they're exceedingly small ;
 And now I've grown us'd to them, so like my own,
 That I scarcely perceive them at all.

Were the fairest young princess, with millions in purse,
 To be had in exchange for my own ;
 She could not make a better wife, might make a worse,
 So I'll stick to my dearest old Joan.

My dear friends, &c.

That years, and separation did not weaken this friendship, the following letter proves, which, though of a much later date, may be here introduced as showing the grounds of young Mr. Bard's confidence in Dr. Franklin's good offices. It is, unfortunately, the only remnant of a frequent correspondence.

Philadelphia, Nov. 14, 1785.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I received your kind letter, which gave me great pleasure, as it informed me of your welfare. Your friendly congratulations are very obliging : I had on my return, as you observe, some right to expect repose ; and it was my intention to avoid all public business : but I have not firmness enough to resist the unanimous desire of my country folks, and I find myself harnessed again in the service for another year. They engrossed the prime of my

life, they have eaten my flesh, and seem resolved now to pick my bones. You are right in supposing that I interest myself in every thing that affects you and yours. Sympathizing in your afflictions, and rejoicing in your felicities, for our friendship is ancient, and was never obscured by the least cloud. I thank you for your civilities to my grandson, and am ever, with sincere, and great esteem and regard, my dear friends

Yours most affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

DR. & MRS. BARD.

Through these safer means Mr. Bard was soon enabled to exchange the gloom of a prison for the freshness and freedom of the country ; which he enjoyed in a short excursion through the neighbouring province, being unwilling to have been five months a resident in France, with scarcely the ability of saying that he had seen it.

In company with Miss De Visme, a fellow-passenger, and one who had been placed, in some degree, under his care, in returning to her English friends, he took passage in a cartel for Plymouth. This gratifying intelligence he conveyed to his anxious parents, in the following letter.

London, April 27, 1762.

HONOURED PARENTS,

It is with the greatest joy I acquaint you with my deliverance from the French prison, and safe arrival at London. Mr. Neat has greatly added to my happiness ; not only by delivering to me many letters which

acquainted me with your health, and that of the family ; but by a most paternal kindness, which he still continues to show me. I defer delivering my letters, until I am in a more proper condition to appear before the gentlemen to whose notice I am recommended. With regard to my picture, I hardly think I can afford it ; for my imprisonment has not only been attended with much trouble and uneasiness, but likewise with much expense.

But although I cannot charge myself with any unnecessary extravagance, except it was purchasing a German flute, and employing a teacher, in order to pass my time with some little content in the prison, I have, during my stay in France, together with my expenses on my voyage and journey from Plymouth, spent near forty pounds sterling. I am afraid you will think this a very extravagant sum ; but I do assure you that there was not twenty shillings, (except my flute,) which I spent unnecessarily. I had almost forgot to tell you that I have been so fortunate as to bring Miss De Visme with me, by which I have made her grandfather very happy.

I long with much impatience to hear from you : for although I have many letters, there is none of so late a date as I could wish.

Your affectionate son,

S. B.

Upon the great object of his visit he now entered, with that diligence and zeal, which, through life, marked his character, heightened in this case by an anxious desire to repay, by his improvement, an expense he was conscious his father could but ill afford, that on his return he might be,

as he himself expresses it, "a welcome guest." During the whole of his five years residence abroad, his correspondence with his family was full and frequent. Of the opportunity thus afforded of telling his story in his own words, I shall gladly avail myself. They are the letters of a young, and perhaps unexperienced mind; but they bespeak both good sense and warm feeling, and occasionally contain some notices of the Scotch school in the period of its highest celebrity, which may not be without interest.

London, June 12th, 1762.

HONOURED SIR,

Dr. Fothergill desires his compliments, and says that he received your letter, which he laid before the Medical Society, that it met with their approbation, and has been published by them; he answered it, and has sent you a printed copy: he has behaved to me with the greatest politeness. As Dr. Hunter intends to read lectures on anatomy this winter, I should be glad to know, as it makes a difference of sixteen pounds, whether you would have me attend him as a dissecting pupil, or only his lectures—in this Dr. Jones's advice may be of service. Enclosed I send you an account of my expenses. I am sorry to acquaint you that I am like to lose the seven pounds you see charged to Mr. Barton, and am afraid you in turn will charge me with being too ready to lend it; but when you have read the circumstances, which I will candidly relate, I dare say you will excuse me.

This Mr. Barton is a gentleman who sailed with me from New-York, nephew to an English factor of Bordeaux, who supplied him with money whilst in France, and pro-

cured him his liberty, and by whose interest this young gentleman procured me mine ; had it not been for his friendship and assistance, I might have staid this twelve-month in France, which would have cost me much more. When we left Bayonne he was, (as both he and I thought,) by accident deprived of a supply : as I had a letter upon Spain, I could do no less than lend him as much as would carry him to London. Since our arrival here, his uncle, upon whom he depended, has refused to supply him ; this has driven him to great distress : but he has now got a birth on board of a large privateer, from which, if he ever returns, I am sure he will gratefully repay me ; if not, I trust you will excuse my supplying the necessities of my benefactor.

Your affectionate son,

S. B.

Of the services rendered to him by his fellow prisoner, either his gratitude or his ignorance magnified the importance. His deliverance he owed, as appears from other sources, to the influence of Dr. Franklin, through the commercial agency of Mr. Neat : nor is it likely that this young man's political influence could be great, when his credit was so small. Indeed Dr. Franklin himself attributed it to his own interference, as appears by a subsequent letter, wherein Mr. Bard says, "Dr. Franklin, on the receipt of my letter, immediately wrote to France to procure my release, and had actually accomplished it, (soon after I had received that favour from Mr. Barton) as I saw by a letter he showed me when I waited on him, to thank him for his civilities."

In answer to a letter of his father's, wherein he advises him immediately on his arrival to consult his friend Dr. Fothergill, the most eminent practitioner then in London, he writes as follows :

London, June 22, 1762.

HONOURED SIR,

I have received yours of the first of May, in which you desire me to consult Dr. Fothergill with regard to the plan of my education. This I did as soon as I arrived, when both he and Dr. Makenzie advised me to spend the next winter in London. Their reasons were, that they thought it best to lay a foundation by practice before I entered upon theory. However, if you do not approve of this scheme, let me know by the first opportunity, and perhaps it may arrive in time for me to get to Edinburgh before the courses begin. My having entered the Hospital, and Dr. Makenzie's lectures, need be no obstacle, as I am with both a perpetual pupil, and may go and return when I please.

Your affectionate son,

S. B.

Whether or not the principle here laid down by these eminent men, fixed or only accorded with the bent of Mr. Bard's mind, may not be easy to say ; but it evidently formed a leading trait in his subsequent professional character. Regarding the healing art as an experimental science, he looked into it rather for facts than opinions, and in practice trusted principally for success to the course prescribed by an enlightened experience : he consequently viewed,

with caution, the specious claims of modern theory, and often expressed the fear that this branch of philosophy was swerving too much from the rigid principles of an inductive science.

The proposed plan, however, of a London residence, was altered, by the receipt of a letter from his father, urging his speedy removal to Edinburgh, to which the following appears to be the answer.

London, July 9th, 1762.

HONOURED SIR,

Dr. Fothergill, whom I saw this morning, after reading your letter, advises me to go down about the beginning of September, which is a month before the colleges begin: this month he would have me employ in growing familiar with the Scotch pronunciation of Latin, and apply myself this winter to the lectures upon Anatomy, Chemistry, and the *Materia Medica*, to return in the spring to London, and attend the hospital again.

I spent last evening at Mr. Neat's; if it were not for his good family, I know not what I should do, for of all places I ever was in, I never found one so unsocial as London. Nothing is minded here but business; every one you meet is in a hurry, and if you do not walk with circumspection, you run the risk of being shoved into the gutter. I assure you I am most heartily tired of it, and sincerely wish, (but it is a wish I must not now indulge,) that the happy time were come when I shall again see you all; however, the hope that it will come, keeps up my spirits, and encourages me to apply with industry to my studies, that when-

ever I do return, I may be a welcome guest ; until which longed for time believe me to be, &c.

S. B.

The last of his letters dated from London, is as follows : to the cousin of whom he speaks, he was warmly attached. His letters, some of which the course of this narrative may introduce, display a romantic and rather desponding mind, to which some interest is given by misfortune and an early fate.

London, August 14th, 1762.

HONOURED PARENTS,

I was in great hopes of having a letter by the packet ; but the French, who seem to be my particular enemies, as well as those of my country, have again disappointed me. In a letter by Captain Chambers, I acquainted you that I intended going to Edinburgh the beginning of next month. I was last week with Dr. Fothergill to desire a letter to some of the professors, and he has promised me one to Dr. Monro, professor of anatomy ; and Drs. Russel and Mackenzie have likewise offered me letters to some of their friends. Dr. Fothergill advises me to spend one hour a day at the Latin, and another at the French, under proper masters, to whom he will recommend me. For this gentleman's friendship I am obliged to Dr. Jones, for which please to return him my thanks. It is now almost a twelvemonth since I left New-York, and I have never once had the pleasure of a line from my cousin Sam, which I own gives me a good deal of uneasiness, for I once

proposed to myself a great deal of satisfaction from his correspondence.

Your affectionate son,

S. B.

This concludes the period of Mr. Bard's first visit to London, which was spent by him not merely in arrangements for his medical studies, but in the actual and diligent prosecution of them. His letters of introduction to the capital, were of the first character. In the pillage of his baggage, some of them, he states, were lost; the most important, however, of his professional ones must have been preserved, as he became immediately introduced to Drs. Fothergill, Hunter, Smith, the surgeon of St. Thomas's, and Mackenzie, and through him to Cherrington, the surgeon of Brown's hospital. Under the guidance of such men he could hardly go wrong. The course he pursued will be best given in his own words.

“Upon my arrival in London, after putting myself in a proper dress, I waited upon Dr. Fothergill, Hunter, &c. &c. and by their advice immediately entered St. Thomas's hospital as a physician's pupil, under Dr. Russel, and whilst attending him, read Lewis's *Materia Medica* on the medicines made use of, and Sydenham and Huxham on the various disorders that offered themselves to my observation. I constantly attended all the operations of both St. Thomas's and Guy's hospitals. I attended also Mackenzie's lectures, and as he proceeded much in the order of Smellie, I read him in the course of the day on the subjects the Dr. had lectured upon in the morning.”

The gentleman under whose peculiar instruction he placed himself was Dr. Alexander Russell, an able and amiable man, well known by his various communications to the Royal Society, and his History of Aleppo, where, for many years, he had practised with great medical reputation, under the patronage of the Turkish Pacha, and whence he introduced into England, on his return, several new and valuable plants ; among others the true scammony, and the arbutus andrachne of our gardens.

His associates in the hospital were Given, the translator of Celsus ; Else, author of a work upon Hydrocele ; and the still higher name of Akenside, who, though then in the plentitude of his poetical fame, and living upon the patronage it brought him, was by no means negligent of his medical reputation, or of his duties as a lecturer.

Of the two Hunters, it does not clearly appear which was the friend who so strongly interested himself in the success of the young stranger. Both were engaged at this time in anatomical lectures : it seems most probable, however, that it was the elder brother, William, the early companion and partner of Cullen, since the circumstances related by Dr. B. accord better with that suavity of manners, for which he was remarkable, than with the morbid irritability of temper which both embittered and shortened* the life of his brother.

Of Dr. Fothergill every American had reason to speak well ; that general benevolence of character, which drew from Franklin the encomium of “ one of the best of men,”

* Dr. John Hunter died suddenly of a spasmodic affection of the heart, induced by some trivial causes of irritation, while going the rounds in St. George's hospital in 1793.

was exerted peculiarly in favour of the American colonies and their inhabitants. Hardly a scheme of benevolence or literary improvement, in regard of them, but received his aid and patronage. Among other services little known, were his exertions for King's College, New-York, in furnishing it both with funds and teachers, it being through his inquiries and recommendation, at this very period, that Dr. Cooper, its president, was sent out under the patronage of the archbishop of Canterbury.

Of Dr. B.'s general letters of introduction, scarce any mention is made: as his studies left him little leisure for society, so did his warm and youthful feelings, fresh from the attachments of home, indispose him to enjoy the formal attentions which, in general, are their only result: but he was not aware, as he himself afterwards acknowledges, of the necessary difference between the civilities of the commercial metropolis of the world, where the number and nature of such introductions require the guard of cautious prudence, and the free-hearted intercourse of his native town. But in this complaint of coldness, natural reserve had a part. "Indeed," says he, "I believe I have been somewhat to blame myself, by my not knowing the custom of the country, which is not to be quite so frank to strangers as we are in America; and had I possessed a little more assurance, and paid people the compliment of believing they spoke the truth, when by their manner they did not seem to intend I should, it might have been of service to me."

This implied censure, did not, however, extend to all his acquaintance: in the family of Mr. Board, the chemist, he found almost a second home. Of this gentleman he

thus speaks, in one of his letters about this period : “ Although I mention him last, he is one to whom I am very much indebted,—he is a cousin of Mr. Kempe, and partakes of many of that gentleman’s amiable and good qualities ; he not only invited me to his own house, but also introduced me to some very agreeable friends ; and when unwell, came to my lodgings, where, thinking I had not so good care taken of me as I ought to have, made me go home with him, detaining me for above a week, and nursing me as tenderly as if I had been his brother. In short, I do not know how to thank him enough, and wish I had any way to return the favour.”

The feelings of attachment, in this intimacy, appear to have been mutual : on his subsequent visit to London, this gentleman’s house became his home ; and, after a lapse of sixty-five years of absence and silence, it was remembered by both with that mixed feeling of melancholy delight, which a long and chequered life throws over the recollections of early and virtuous friendship.

In a letter to a third person, Mr. Board, having spoken of “ his old valued friend, Dr. Bard, whom he still holds in kind recollection,” and of a contest among the members of his family for the possession of a miniature likeness he had left of himself, on his departure for America,” this letter was transmitted to Dr. Bard, and called forth in reply, the following remembrance :—

“ Mr. Board’s letter to Mrs. Church, has brought to my recollection several of the most valuable friends of my youth ; and many of the happiest scenes of my residence in London ; all which I now recollect, with great pleasure and gratitude.”

From such a home our young traveller could not estrange himself, without that regret of separation which forms no inconsiderable drawback to the pleasure of foreign travel. These feelings were not, perhaps, dissipated, when he wrote his first letter from Edinburgh, which begins with this home-sick sentence. “I have met with so many disagreeable rubs since I left New-York, that though I have, of necessity, learned some resignation and patience, yet, if Providence do but once more restore me to the glad embraces of my dear parents, I will for ever bless the day, and count the joy of that meeting a sufficient recompense for the pain of all the past.”

Leaving London on the first of September, by the stage coach, we find him, with the tardy pace of the travelling of those days, advanced on the fifth but as far as New-Castle upon Tyne: nor that without the accident of an overthrow, as appears by a short letter to his parents, from that place.

Among the letters which cheered his arrival at Edinburgh, was the following from his father; an appropriate, if not a needful warning to him on his entrance to a second metropolis.

New-York, August 10, 1762.

MY DEAR SON,

There are two things in your residence abroad I have much at heart: first, that you should acquire the character of an ingenious and skilful physician; and secondly, that of an easy, well-bred gentleman. The first is to be attained by a close attention upon the duties assigned you by the professors, and a careful investigation

of the principles upon which the science you are studying is founded : the other is by a cheerful, affable behaviour, to secure the friendship of your teachers and equals, and by relaxing your mind in the company and conversation of the polite part of society—always, as you have heretofore done, cultivating an acquaintance with those whose abilities and dispositions will improve, as well as entertain you. As an encouragement to your industry and perseverance, I cannot help informing you, that if you do your part, and return to America with the honours of the university, and the approbation of your respective teachers, I may assure you, that no young man can possibly begin business under greater advantages. I shall stay in the city no longer than is necessary to effect your establishment, and then retire, and leave you in possession of all the business your own merit, and my interest, can procure. Above all things, my dear son, suffer not yourself, by any company or example, to depart, either in your conversation or practice, from the highest reverence to God, and your religion : always remembering, that a rational and becoming view of these duties is the most likely means of influencing your moral conduct, and is, in truth, the brightest ingredient in a gentleman's character, naturally producing not only that decent, chaste, and polite style, in common conversation, so essentially necessary in one of your profession ; but also laying the foundation of a virtuous and honourable life.

Your affectionate father,

J. B.

An interval of some weeks after his arrival afforded him an opportunity of paying a visit to St. Andrew's, and also of forming some general acquaintance with his teachers, previous to attending their lectures. The deficiencies of his early collegiate education were also to be supplied ; and to this task he applied himself on his return from St. Andrew's with characteristic zeal, "setting himself to it," as he terms it, "in good earnest." The account of his visit to the northern university, is thus given by himself.

Edinburgh, Sept. 26th, 1762.

HONOURED SIR,

I wrote you from New-Castle, about three weeks ago, informing you of my arrival there on my way to Edinburgh, since which I have been to St. Andrew's. Captain Donaldson received and treated me with the greatest friendship ; he was so good as to introduce me to the Principal, and many of the professors of the colleges, several of whom have been of service to me, by giving me letters to men of eminence in the profession at this place. He introduced me also to Lord Buchan's family. Lord Cardross, his eldest son, spent the evening with me, and gave me letters to Doctors Hope and Rutherford, professors of this college. As it will be above a month before the colleges set down, I have, by the advice of Dr. Cullen, applied myself to the mathematics, with a private tutor. My situation here is as agreeable as absence from home will permit, and I seem to want nothing but letters from you, to make me as happy as I can expect to be, until my return. I have taken a small room, find my own breakfast and supper, and dine at an ordinary,

with several very agreeable young men, all students, among whom is a son of Colonel Martin, of Hempstead, and a Mr. Morgan, from Philadelphia, a person of distinguished merit, who knew our family, and has taken particular notice of me ; and as I can with more freedom apply to him in any trivial matter, than to a professor, I promise myself much advantage from his friendship. The war is now, I hope, almost at an end, a consideration which affords me no small pleasure, as I hope I shall now hear from you oftener than hitherto, and shall no longer have the mortification of losing my letters after you have taken the trouble to write them, and I been, perhaps, for a month, in the most eager expectation ; a sensation which, although grounded upon pleasure in prospect, I have experienced, has in it a far greater proportion of pain. I hope I shall soon hear from you ; a letter at this time would give me new spirits—make me apply with more alacrity to my business, and add greatly to the happiness of

Your affectionate son,

S. B.

Upon the opening of the college session, he threw aside all lighter avocations and collateral studies, except natural philosophy, which was his favourite relaxation, devoting himself to anatomy and chemistry, those two fundamental branches of his profession, as they give the knowledge of the materials with which it works, and the subject upon which it is to operate. Some account of the manner in which these courses were conducted, by the able men who then presided over them, will be found in the following letters.

Edinburgh, Dec. 5th, 1762.

HONOURED PARENTS,

I attend three classes, Drs. Cullen, Monro, and Ferguson. Cullen, professor of chemistry, at first gave us the history of his art from the earliest time, maintaining it, contrary to the opinion of Boerhaave, and most other chemical writers, to have been first cultivated amongst the Arabians: he next proceeded to give an account of its objects, with very accurate definitions of the terms employed. In this his principal intention is to make us acquainted with the language of the science; he is now almost done with this part, and goes on next to its operations: he is a very good speaker, and very eminent in his profession; lectures in English, in a clear, nervous style, and with a natural strong tone of voice. He has a new way of examining his pupils in his lecture room; and as I was recommended to his notice, he did me the honour, this winter, to commence with me; from which I would as lieve have been excused, for I was not a little confused to be thus questioned before above a hundred students, who all had their eyes fixed upon me, to hear my answers: however, I came off with flying colours. Monro, professor of anatomy, has finished the history of his branch, and advanced a little in the osteology; he is a very good demonstrator, and a pretty orator. I have procured a scull and a few old bones, in order to ground myself well in this fundamental part of anatomy. He mixes up many good practical remarks in his lectures, and with him we read the older Monro's osteology. Professor Ferguson has now gone through his doctrine of attraction and repulsion, which he finished yes-

terday, with an account of the magnet. He illustrates his lectures with a variety of very entertaining experiments ; they are very agreeable, and with him we read the Newtonian philosophy. When I first began to attend these gentlemen, I found much difficulty in taking notes, but I have now by practice conquered it, and can carry off very near the whole substance of the lecture, so that before I have the happiness of seeing you, I shall have systems of the different parts of the course in my own writing.

Affectionately yours,

S. B.

The application of his time, as given by himself, affords no weak proof of firmness of mind. Young and ardent, away from home, and surrounded by the temptations of a large metropolis, it affords an honourable example of the conscientious performance of duty, and a lesson, not without its use, to those who may be similarly circumstanced.

“ My day, in general,” says he, “ is thus spent : from seven to half after ten I am at present employed in the mathematics, which will soon, however, be changed for professional reading and the examination of my notes ; I then dress, and am by eleven at college, attending professor Ferguson until twelve ; from that hour until one, at the hospital ; from one till two, with Dr. Cullen ; from two to three, I allow to dinner ; from three to four, with Monro in anatomy ; from four to five, or half an hour after, I generally spend at my flute and taking tea, either in a friend’s room, or with a friend in my own : after this I retire to my study, and spend from that time until eleven o’clock, in connecting my notes, and in general reading. This is the

plan I have set down to myself, and am resolved to stick close to it, for the winter at least. In the summer I shall not be so busy, but have a little time, (if I do not go to London,) to amuse myself with botany, and seeing the country ; then you shall have as long letters as you please from me, for there is nothing I take more pleasure in than writing to you, unless it be in hearing from you, for in either of these, especially the last, I cannot help imagining myself conversing with you. I am very much obliged," he goes on to add, " by the good opinion my New-York friends entertain of me, and hope I shall never, by any negligence of mine, disappoint them. If liking a profession be a good omen of proficiency, I can assure you I begin to be most highly delighted with mine ; I daily discover so many beauties in it, that I am at a loss which first to investigate ; and were it not for the regular plan I have laid down, should be bewildered and lost in the labyrinth."

To a zeal thus grounded in love, no labours seemed arduous, nor any aims too lofty to be attempted. This is evinced in the following letter, in which he suggests, at that early day, the establishment of a medical school in the city of New-York ; a plan which, in his riper years, he effected, and to which his grey hairs brought reverence.

Edinburgh, Dec. 29th, 1762.

HONOURED SIR,

You no doubt have heard that Dr. Shippen has opened an anatomical class in Philadelphia ; his character here as an anatomist is very good, and no doubt he appears equally so in America. You perhaps are not ac-

quainted with the whole of that scheme ; it is not to stop with anatomy, but to found, under the patronage of Dr. Fothergill, a medical college in that place : Mr. Morgan, who is to graduate next spring, and will be over in the fall, intends to lecture upon the theory and practice of physic, and is equal to the undertaking. I wish, with all my heart, they were at New-York, that I might have a share amongst them, and assist in founding the first medical college in America. I do not want ambition to prompt me to an undertaking of this kind ; and I have had some conversation with my friend, Mr. Martin, respecting it, but I am afraid that the Philadelphians, who will have the start of us by several years, will be a great obstacle ; and another almost insurmountable one is, the religious and party feeling which exists in New-York ; for if such a thing was to be undertaken, it ought to be in conjunction with the college. This perhaps you may think a wild scheme ; but it is at least an innocent one, and can do no hurt to have such a thing in view. I should be glad to have your sentiments upon it, and if you see Dr. Johnson, it might not be amiss to mention it to him. I own I feel a little jealous of the Philadelphians, and should be glad to see the college of New-York at least upon an equality with theirs. I am not alone ; Mr. Martin, who is a very ingenious young man, will be returning about the same time ; and I am told my old schoolmate, Roberts, is coming here, he may perhaps make a third : Mr. Smith, I believe, will not come into it. I have now said enough upon this subject, I will therefore leave you to think of it.

Your affectionate son,

S. B.

The answer of his father to this suggestion, marks the judgment of a more experienced mind, and connects with his name the credit of originally projecting the hospital of New-York, a design which his son subsequently effected; an institution so creditable to its author, that we may divide the reputation of it in the words of the Roman historian, on a doubtful question of similar import, “quod patrem vovisse filium perfecisse.”

New-York, April 9th, 1762.

MY DEAR SON,

With respect to your passing the next summer in London or Edinburgh, I am at a loss to advise: perhaps by staying at the latter, under the eye of your present teachers, you may be thought sooner qualified to graduate, than if you divide your time between it and London; and all the advantages you propose by now going there, may be had with greater profit after finishing your studies. These are my sentiments, but whatever you do, consult Dr. Fothergill and your London friends, and treat their advice with great tenderness and respect. I like your continuing in Edinburgh, for a further reason, as it gives you an opportunity of cultivating the acquaintance of Mr. Morgan and Mr. Martin, with whom I hope you have laid the foundation of a lasting friendship. I much approve of your emulation, with respect to the establishing of a proper medical institution in this city; but I think it should be commenced by a public hospital, which Mr. Tennent will inform you I have had thoughts of beginning. This and every other scheme of this kind, must be perfected by those young physicians who are to settle among us, emi-

nent for their learning, skill, and address, and I flatter myself you will be of this number.

Your affectionate father,

J. B.

The following is from his brother, and contains some notices of the college, at which he was educated, and in the prosperity of which, throughout a long life, he ever took a warm and active interest.

New-York, Jan. 24, 1764.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

As I hate excuses, I hope you will pardon me, if I do not trouble you with reading and myself with writing them. Your good old president, Dr. Johnson, has lost his wife in the smallpox,* and gone to finish his well-spent days in retirement. He is succeeded in that station by Mr. Cooper, a gentleman recommended by the archbishop of Canterbury as a man of extensive learning, great piety, and an excellent preacher. Mr. Cooper is about thirty years of age, pleasing in manners, and very agreeable in conversation. I have had the pleasure of spending two or three evenings with him, at Mr. Kempe's, who is very fond of him, and thinks him a man of excellent sense and superior literature; he was chosen president upon Dr. Johnson's resigning, and is very strict with regard to the duties of his pupils. The college is

* At the present day, we can hardly form an idea of the ravages of this disease, or the apprehensions it excited. Dr. Johnson never had it, and three times within the period of his presidency, quitted the city to avoid the infection.

now in a much more flourishing condition than hitherto : Mr. George Harrison some time ago made the college a present of a fine bell, which is hung in the cupola. As to the books you sent me, to begin with Monsieur Marmontel's Moral Tales, after going through both volumes, I could not help smiling at the title. There is little in them that deserves the name, unless that lively genius is content to place morality in love intrigues. But I sincerely think, there never was a better picture drawn of a lively Frenchman, with all his levity and triflingness of character. I have read your Churchill's poems, but under great disadvantages, having just arisen from Pope and Swift.

Your affectionate brother,

S. B.

From this time, during the remainder of the term, Mr. Bard's letters are so engrossed by the studies in which he was engaged, as to render them almost without interest to the general reader, and perhaps without novelty to professional ones : to his parents, however, they had both, and afforded a pleasing proof, that he fully appreciated their exertions, and was rightly employing the means of improvement they had so liberally put within his power. His anxiety to do so is very strongly expressed in a letter of his, about this date, to his brother, from which the following is an extract.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

Your letter has made me very happy, in assuring me of the health of all our family, and also, that the expenses of my education do not fall so heavy

on my good father as was apprehended ; but although this assurance has lessened the load on my spirits, it has not entirely relieved it, for I am afraid you spoke before you knew how my account stood. You, too, will then, I am afraid, begin to think, I ought to be uneasy at these expenses, which have so far exceeded what was expected ; but I still have the satisfaction to know that my money has not been spent in a foolish or extravagant manner : nor, on the other hand, have I, from fear of spending it, neglected any necessary part of my education, or at any time appeared beneath the character of a gentleman.”

The flourishing state, of the university of Edinburgh, at this time, has already been alluded to. Like the earlier ages of literature, it then had about it a freshness and force of talent, which is, perhaps, but ill exchanged for the greater learning and higher polish of later periods. Robertson, the historian, was its Principal, Rutherford Whytt, the two Munros, father and son, Cullen, Hope, Ferguson, Gregory, and Blair, were its teachers and supporters.

If we look to the causes which operated in producing this rare assemblage of talent and learning, within the walls of an institution till then, comparatively, unknown, we shall find that it was, in no small degree, the tardy fruit of that political union, which, half a century before, had united them to their southern neighbours. This union, by withdrawing men of talent from the absorbing power of politics, left them free to calmer and more improving studies. It did not, indeed, operate effectually, until the termination of the Jacobite struggle, about the middle of the last

century ; and hence, from the fatal battle of Culloden, we may date the commencement of modern Scottish literature.

The rise of a moderate party in the Kirk favoured this advancement. Bigotry had produced its usual reaction—liberal and free inquiry. Talent was sharpened by discussion, learning came into request, and was sought for, and gained, in foreign universities. To the school of Glasgow, the fame of the Irish Hutcheson, and his successor, Adam Smith, attracted numerous students. Rivalry thus produced its excitement upon that of Edinburgh. At this crisis Robertson was called to be its Principal, in the year 1761, and brought with him much of the interest of that moderate party over which he had long presided. His varied learning and courtly manners, were well calculated to win influence. Reputation once gained, increased the means of rewarding merit. The university was thus enabled to outbid the church, in the premium it offered for men of learning, and soon gathered within its pale the ripest minds that profession afforded. From this, the progress was easy ; talent awakened talent ; accident determined the bias to medicine, and the college of Edinburgh rose upon the learning of Leyden, first its rival, and then its victorious successor.

To a similar excitement, may also be referred that hereditary talent and professional attachment, which has distinguished and adorned many families connected with this university. Domestic example has been powerful through domestic education ; sons have been to their fathers, first pupils, then assistants, then successors ; inheritors of their mental as well as material wealth. And undoubtedly, in this particular, it possesses an advantage

over the universities of the southern part of the island, where the heartless celibacy of the Romish church still maintains its ground ; where an unholy divorce still subsists between the ability of the teacher and the solicitude of the parent.*

Under such men was Dr. Bard trained, and at this pile was that torch lighted, which subsequently inflamed many kindred bosoms. Of his teachers he appears to have enjoyed (so far as a young stranger can be supposed to do,) the friendship as well as instruction ; was received as an inmate into the family of Dr. Robertson, and kept up a frequent correspondence with his London instructors, especially Dr. Fothergill. With Cullen's lectures he was peculiarly delighted ; in matter he styles him, "that accurate professor ;" and of his manner, he says, "I own I think nothing can exceed it, being so entertaining as well as instructive, that I could listen to him with pleasure for three hours, instead of one." Of Monro's anatomical lectures he speaks highly, and comparing him with Hunter, says, "but for want of opportunities of dissection, I should have no occasion to regret the change from London ; but to have a subject in my possession here, would run the risk of banishment, if not of life."

The employment of his summer recess now became a subject of discussion ; in the divided counsels of his friends, the weight of present influence, as is usual, turned the scale, and he decided most wisely to cultivate the good

* This unwise separation of the best feelings of our nature, it is pleasing to observe, is beginning to be broken down. Downing College, Cambridge, the last of the English foundations, being incorporated in the year 1800, upon estates devised half a century before, contains the novel provision, that its professorships shall not be vacated by marriage.

opinion of his teachers, by giving the preference to Edinburgh.

His next letter states this result, and evinces an active mind, which could enjoy leisure, without falling into indolence.

Edinburgh, Sept. 4th, 1763.

HONOURED SIR,

I have informed you that by the laws of the university, I cannot graduate in less than three years, and am now resolved not to leave Scotland at all, until I quit it entirely; for I am convinced that going to London in the summer, would be rather a scheme of expensive pleasure, than of improvement and study; and all the good I could propose myself, will be obtained with more ease and greater credit after I have graduated.

I have applied myself chiefly this summer to botany, and hope I have so far mastered it as to be able to lay it aside. I intend the ensuing winter, to attend, for a second time, anatomy and chemistry, with the theory of physic; and if I can find time, the lectures on rhetoric and the belles lettres. If the scheme, with regard to the college, should ever take place, a good delivery, and a pleasing style in composition, I know from experience, are none of the lowest requisites in a professor. If it should, two things are necessary, a public hospital, and a good library of medical books. Mr. Tennent tells me you have thought of the hospital, and I hope it succeeds; the society or college library, well stored with the best medical authors, might answer the other. You have interest enough to be made a governor of the college; do you not think it might be of

advantage ? I am obliged to the lieutenant governor for his kind mention of me to Dr. Whytt ; he met me some time ago in the street, acquainted me of it, and invited me to his house. You are so good as to say you think I have not been extravagant in my expenses ; you may depend upon it I will not abuse your kindness, but that I will regulate them by the strictest economy. I have written to my friends Mr. Kempe and David Colden. I have not yet received Dr. Franklin's letters, but wait for them with great impatience, for he is very much respected here, and his letters would be of infinite service to me : I almost wish you would put him in mind of it.

Your affectionate son,

S. B.

New-York, Dec. 24th, 1763.

DEAR SAM,

I receive the greatest pleasure from your letters, and very cheerfully submit to any inconvenience I suffer from the expense of your education. Proceed, my dear son, in the same paths of religion and industry, temperance, virtue, and honour, and wait with patience the time when you can return to your native country, an ornament to your profession, a credit to your family, and useful to mankind. This will be delivered to you by Dr. Munro, who has lived in this place with great esteem, and established the reputation of a *good physician* and *excellent surgeon* ; for which reasons, as well as being my friend, I beg you will court his acquaintance. Our printers have published, from the Edinburgh papers, what has done you great honour : though we most ardently wish to see you,

I shall do all in my power to continue you the full time necessary to complete your education. I would wish you to write to my old friend Mr. West,* who, I am informed, is settled in London, in very high business ; his friendship may be of service to you, as mine was to him, and I believe he has a very grateful heart. Your conduct and improvement, my dear son, has made all your family very happy, and particularly

Your affectionate father,

J. B.

The following letters are from his favourite cousin, and afford a painful picture of a feeling mind, struggling with the repugnance of an unaccordant profession.

Mount-Holly, June 20th, 1763.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I am pleased your situation and studies are agreeable to you, a certain omen of your making a proficiency. Those you are engaged in are, indeed, truly delightful, conveying at the same time pleasure and instruction. I wish I could exchange my barren wilds, and obscure labyrinths, for your province ; the spacious plains and flowery walks of the science of nature.

Providence, my dear cousin, has been propitious to you, in determining you to a profession, whose humane and Christian tendency is to restore health and vigour to the enfeebled body ; to mark the traces of a Deity, in the amazing construction of that wonderful creature, man ;

* Sir Benjamin West, late President of the Royal Academy.

and to discern the universal providence of a God, by disclosing the secrets of nature, which proclaim his existence and his praise. What a contrast in our professions ; we administer fuel to the animosities of our neighbours ; you make them happy in the enjoyment of health. My poor father is in distressed circumstances ; his iron works, by a kind of fatality, have not been in order to work these twelve months, and I question if they ever will ; his temper does not square with the dispositions of his infernal crew : to keep them properly, a Turk or tyrant should preside over them. I tremble at the thoughts of the approaching period of his letter of license, which must involve him in inextricable difficulty ; but thank God, he has choice friends, who will rescue him from ruin, and we all enjoy the greatest of temporal blessings, health.

Yours, &c.

S. B.

Mount-Holly, 18th May, 1764.

DEAR COUSIN, BUT DEARER FRIEND,

Your observation is just, of the inconvenience of looking on the dark side of things, and I should be a stranger to myself, did I not allow that such is the temper of my mind ; whether implanted by nature, or acquired by being a witness, and in some degree, a partaker of a constant series of misfortunes in our family, I cannot tell.

Since I wrote you last, your papa has favoured us with a visit, but upon a sad occasion. My unhappy parent has again failed ; and your father, always ready to assist his friends, came here to aid him in a composition with his creditors.

While here, we paid a visit to Montpelier, and I never saw him more delighted than he was, in viewing the relics of that seat of our ancestors, and renewing all his youthful recollections. He pointed out to us, with great pleasure, the spot where the mansion-house stood, and lamented the destruction of a wide spreading mulberry tree that shaded the door: not the minutest circumstance escaped his observation.

We have dismal accounts from the northward, respecting the Indians. Pontiac, the Indian chief, who styles himself the king of kings, from the rising to the setting sun, is become very formidable. They tell us that he is perfectly master of the art of war, in which he has been trained up by the French. A detachment from his army lately intercepted a body of *seventy* of Gage's light infantry; the whole detachment is killed or missing; the report is, that our cousin, William Bard, is one of the number.

Miss Græme will be the bearer of this, the Minerva of these parts, a young lady possessed of every female virtue and accomplishment.

Your affectionate cousin,

S. B.

The apprehensions expressed by this anxious son, were soon realized; ruin followed a second attempt of his father at mining, a business hazardous at the best, and for which he appears to have been peculiarly unfitted. A removal to Philadelphia was the result, where domestic calamity soon broke down the remains of an enfeebled constitution. The death of his wife, and only son, the writer of the above letters, completed the shock, and he sunk the

victim of a broken heart, in the year 1763, leaving behind him two orphan daughters. Of the elder, who afterwards became Mrs. Bard, mention will often be made in the course of this narrative : of the younger, the following simple lines, penned at the bedside of her surviving parent at the early age of ten years, afforded no unpleasing promise of both piety and talents ; a pledge which friendship may be allowed to say, her riper age well redeemed.

O Lord, our Saviour and defence,
Receive an infant's prayer ;
And let my sighs and broken heart
Reach thine Almighty ear.

One dearest parent dead and gone,
Another near the tomb ;
Save, save his life, most gracious Lord,
But let "thy will be done."



In the autumn of 1763, Mr. Bard returned to his academical duties ; entering upon a fuller course, with resolutions that had already stood the test of experience, and with a strong sense of gratitude for his father's bounty, which as he not unhappily expresses it, "I am laying out to the best advantage now, to return it double when we come to a reckoning."

November 10, 1763.

DEAR SIR,

The colleges are now begun, which for seven months will employ me fully, as I shall attend five classes ; Materia Medica, Theory of Physic, Chemistry, Anatomy,

and the Belles Lettres ; so that I hope you will excuse my letters not being in future so long and particular as you would wish them. I do assure you, sir, I never think of the great expense you are at in my education, without sentiments of the warmest gratitude ; at the same time, I feel much uneasiness, lest it should fall heavy upon you. This, and being absent from my friends, are the greatest drawbacks I have to the satisfaction I take in so complete an education, which, however, I hope one day to have it in my power to thank you for, without either of us regretting the expense it is now attended with. When you have leisure, I will thank you to acquaint me somewhat with the present state of physic in New-York ; if any men of note have entered into practice since I left it, and who have retired from it, as I hear Dr. Jones has done. There are no less than four of us in Europe, who will soon add to your number ; Messrs. Smith, Priam, Tennent, and myself ; and Mr. Griffiths, who, I suppose by this time has arrived in New-York. It is a little unfortunate, that all these gentlemen will be at least a twelvemonth before me, and still more so, if I credit Mr. Tennent's assertion, that he has pre-engaged all the principal families, which will leave me at an humble distance, when I shall be ready to enter the lists against him.

Your affectionate son,

S. B.

New-York, Jan. 17, 1764.

MY DEAR SAM,

By the last packet we had the pleasure of receiving yours of the 10th of November ; I acknowledge

your punctuality in writing, and assure you, it gives us all the greatest pleasure. I formerly advised you to omit any particular application to the Belles Lettres, because I thought it would divide your thoughts too much from the severer studies of your profession ; but as this is only matter of opinion, I shall leave it wholly to your own choice and judgment. With respect to the present state of physic in this city, I think it is on such a footing as leaves a very fair prospect of a good settlement for you. Dr. Jones has not declined business altogether, though his health being infirm, obliges him to abate much of his practice. Old Dr. Magraw, continues the favourite of some families still ; there has also lately arrived here a gentleman of good character, Dr. Clossie ; he is yet a stranger, and has not been much employed, but is at present engaged in a course of anatomy with young gentlemen of the profession, who attend as pupils.

Drs. Middleton, Farquhar, and young Dr. Charlton continue much on the same footing as when you left this. My business and establishment, I think rather increase, which I endeavour to cultivate for your sake, and shall do all in my power to preserve till your arrival, and then, my dear Sam, with the immediate and easy introduction which I shall be able to give, you will have at once an opportunity of exerting what share of merit you are possessed of, in the most advantageous manner. It was this consideration, joined with a good opinion of your abilities, that induced me to recommend this profession to you, in which I hope to see you eminent. Mr. Tennent's very singular boast of having engaged all the principal families in this city, has lessened him in my opinion ; such

an assertion is both weak and ostentatious ; however, my dear Sam, whatever opinion you may have of particular persons, especially those with whom 'tis probable you may live in the same society, treat them not contemptuously, but with courtesy and good will, if you cannot with friendship and esteem. This city grows very large, it is opulent, and there are many quacks in it ; do not therefore, suffer yourself to be discouraged ; the superior advantages you will have through my means, joined with your own skill and address, will give you at least equal advantages with any other. I shall immediately write to Dr. Franklin to put him in mind of your letters. Our old friend governor Colden, continues in good health. Mr. David Colden very much regretted captain Tompion's going away so abruptly, as he had some curiosities for you he wished to send ; he will now write and send them to you by the first opportunity. By Mr. Alder, I send you a letter and small packet from David Colden, and a letter to Dr. Whytt from the governor.

Your affectionate father,

J. B.

Edinburgh, Nov. 24, 1763.

MY DEAR FATHER,

In one of your letters there is a sentence which would really give me much uneasiness, were I not certain it flowed rather from the desire you have to hear from me than from any doubt you can have of my willingness. I am sure, sir, you never can think me capable of so much ingratitude. So far from it, that permit me to assure you, was there any thing in my power, which

would contribute in the least to your happiness, however difficult it might seem to another, I should not only think it my duty to do it, as your son, but, as you have always treated me as such, should take a pleasure in performing it as your friend.

I hinted at a very successful method taken by some gentlemen here, to encourage agriculture and the arts immediately depending on it, on their own estates, by proposing small premiums to their tenants. I also mentioned to you a scheme for raising madder in America; I am credibly informed that, for this article, the British pay the Dutch above two hundred thousand pounds per annum; it is a hardy plant, and stands the severe winter in Holland, so that I dare say, it would answer very well with us. At a moderate computation an acre of ground will yield thirty pounds sterling in three years; and the labour attending it is not more than that of Indian corn. I have not yet had an opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the manner in which it is managed, but if you think it worth while, I can easily be informed.

I have been introduced to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, who has complimented me with the freedom of the city, and given me an invitation to dine at his house once a week, which I very often accept. I breakfasted the other morning with Dr. Whytt, who told me he had lately heard from Dr. Huck; he is now at Vienna, with Stork, the author of some papers upon Hemlock, and other violent medicines. Dr. Huck says, he has seen no wonders as yet performed by them; I myself have seen most of these medicines tried, in the hospitals at London, and here, but without success. I have the pleasure to inform

you that I am happy in the personal acquaintance of the Principal, and most of the Professors of the university; and with some, as Dr. Hope, and Dr. Monro, I am particularly intimate. This makes me much happier here than I otherwise should be, and I acquaint you with it, as I am sure it will give you pleasure.

Your affectionate son,

S. B.

Edinburgh, Feb. 4, 1764.

DEAR SIR,

I am very much engaged at present with the college, and have but little news, either medical or political, to acquaint you with. There has lately a new work came out, *Morgagni de Causis et Sedibus Morborum*, grounded upon dissections of morbid bodies, from which the learned here have great expectations. Dr. Cullen has lately entertained me much, by some private lectures he gives to those who attend him for the second year, upon what he calls the *Chemical Pathology*, in which he attempts to prove the presence and necessity of an acid, generated in the stomach; and endeavours to account for the assimilation of the aliment, upon more rational principles than the extravagant theories of the *Corpuscularians* and older chemists. What I chiefly admire is the manner of them; we are convened at his own house, once or twice a week, where, after lecturing for one hour, we spend another in an easy conversation upon the subject of the last evening lecture, and every one is encouraged to make his remarks or objections with the greatest freedom. I cannot help comparing him upon these occasions,

to some one of the ancient philosophers, surrounded by his admiring pupils. It must make him very happy, to see so many, even from the wilds of America, crowding his lectures and listening to him with the greatest attention and pleasure ; for he never speaks but you may see these emotions painted strongly in the faces of his hearers. Last week the judges for the annual medal, given by the professor of botany of this university, examined the Hortos Siccos of the candidates, and I have the pleasure to acquaint you decided it in my favour ; in consequence of which determination, the medal is to be publicly given to me some time in April, by Dr. Hope. It is now near a year since I resolved to be a candidate for this prize, and have often been going to acquaint you with my design, but the fear of miscarriage always prevented me ; and I am glad it did, as I have now the satisfaction of acquainting you both with my design and its success.

Your affectionate son,

S. B.

Edinburgh, April 1, 1764.

HONOURED SIR,

I cannot omit this opportunity by Mr. Elliot, of sending you a copy of the papers* I read before the Medical Society this winter : they may perhaps afford you half an hour's entertainment, and let you a little into the nature of that institution of which I informed you some time ago, I was admitted a member. In submitting them to your perusal, I cannot help feeling all that

* The papers he read at various times before this society, are styled in their dimissory letter as "Plurima eademque Pulcherrima."

anxiety which is natural to a beginner ; for, as they are the first fruits of my medical labours, they must contain many errors, some of which are too glaring to escape the notice, even of their partial parent.

I heartily wish I could be with you at laying out your grounds, as I imagine I could be of some assistance, although I may find it impossible to convey my notions upon that subject in writing. From what I have as yet seen, I find those the most beautiful where nature is suffered to be our guide. The principal things to be observed in planning a pleasure ground, seem to me, to be the situation of the ground, and the storms and winds the country is most liable to. By the first, I mean, to distribute my plants according to the soil they most delight in ; to place such as flourish most in a warm exposure and dry soil, upon the sunny side of a hill ; while such as delight in the shade and moist ground, should be placed in the vallies. By this single precaution, one of the greatest beauties of a garden is obtained, which consists in the health and vigour of the plants which compose it. By considering well the predominant winds and storms of the country, we are directed where to plant our large trees, so that they shall be at once an ornament, and afford a useful shelter to the smaller and more delicate plants. Next, I think straight lines should be particularly avoided, except where they serve to lead the eye to some distant and beautiful object—serpentine walks are much more agreeable. Another object deserving of attention seems to be, to place the most beautiful and striking objects, such as water, if possible, a handsome green-house, a grove of flowering shrubs, or a remarkably fine tree, in

such situations, that from the house they may almost all be seen ; but to a person walking, they should be artfully concealed until he suddenly, and unexpectedly, comes upon them ; so that by the surprise, the pleasure may be increased : and if possible, I would contrive them so that they should contrast each other, which again greatly increases their beauty. The last thing I shall mention, which, indeed, is not the least worthy of notice, is, to throw the flower garden, kitchen, and fruit garden, and if possible, the whole farm, into one, so that they may appear as links of the same chain, and may mutually contribute to the beauties of the whole. If you could send me an accurate plan of the situation of your ground,* describing particularly the hollows, risings, and the opportunities you have of bringing water into it, the spot where you intend your house, and the situation of your orchard, I would consult some of my friends here about a proper plan, and I believe I know some who would assist us, and as I cannot obtain your gardener before November, if you send the plan immediately, I shall be able to return it by him.

In my last letter I sent you one from Dr. Hope, informing you of my having the prize ; he has done me the honour to write also to Dr. Franklin upon the subject. He has also desired me to acquaint you, that a number of gentlemen here have formed themselves into an association for the importation of American seeds and plants, and would be much obliged to you to recommend a proper person as a correspondent.

* These details derive some interest from the fact that they relate to the very spot, which forty years afterward, he was himself engaged in adorning.

I know of no one who would answer so well as Mr. Bartram.

Your affectionate son,

S. B.

Edinburgh, June 2d, 1764.

HONOURED SIR,

I am at present engaged in a variety of studies ; besides my college duties, I have two private tutors who attend me. With one, I spend an hour every day in writing and speaking Latin ; with the other, French : and also three hours in the week with a most excellent drawing master. So many branches, together with reading practical authors, entirely fill up my time, and are attended with considerable expense ; but I hope I shall never repent it, and that it will one day, be returned to me with interest. I sent you, some time ago, a letter from Dr. Hope, since that the medal has been publicly given to me, and the enclosed paragraph published on the occasion. I had an opportunity this winter of showing my preparations to Dr. Pulteney, a man of eminence in the literary world, and Fellow of the Royal Society ; he praised them much, and assured me they exceeded any in the British museum. He presented me on going away, with a thesis, with the following compliment on the first page :

FROM THE AUTHOR, TO MR. BARD,

AS A SMALL TRIBUTE OF RESPECT DUE TO HIS SUCCESS

IN

CULTIVATING BOTANICAL KNOWLEDGE.

You, perhaps, think me vain, in thus sounding my own praises : I own I am proud of these testimonies of approbation from men of learning, but, believe me, I do not communicate them to you through ostentation, but with a design to give you pleasure, as I know they will.

Your affectionate son,

S. B.

Edinburgh, June 8th, 1764.

HONOURED SIR,

The ensuing winter I shall attend, for a second time, anatomy, chemistry, and add to them *materia medica*, with the theory and practice of physic, which last will be my principal study ; the winter after, it will form my only one ; and I hope to be able so to manage it, by writing my thesis next summer, as to graduate the spring following ; and then, if you could allow me to spend a few months in France, and a winter at the hospitals in London, I should hope the spring of '66 might bless me again with a sight of my native country and friends. I formerly acquainted you with my being made a member of the medical society of this place ; as I imagine it will be agreeable, I will here give you a short account of its institution, and the plan upon which it is now regulated : in the year 1737, it was first organized by Drs. Cullen, Akenside, and some others, who are now at the head of their profession here or in London ; and since that time it has had many members, who have become ornaments to society. As is natural, it has undergone many changes, and now consists of between twenty and thirty members, who meet every Saturday evening, in a room in the infirmary, when

they dispute upon medical subjects in the following manner: each member has, about six months before hand, a set of papers given him, to write a comment upon, consisting of a practical case, a question on some medical point, and an aphorism of Hippocrates. Every Saturday a set of these papers are produced, and read before the society by the author, having circulated for a week before amongst the members, who come prepared with objections, and the author with arguments to defend them. In this exercise of disputation we spend about four hours, and to very good purpose, for we are obliged to muster our whole stock of knowledge, to defend opinions, which are never allowed to pass without being thoroughly examined; and as there are always a number of members, men of real knowledge, we young men are not allowed to be carried away by false reasoning, or led into erroneous opinions.

I have lately received great pleasure and improvement in reading Lord Kames's late work, and recommend it to your perusal, especially that part of it relating to gardening and architecture, before you go on in improving your place on the north river. He most justly condemns the cutting of gardens into formal parterres, or forcing nature in any respect; at the same time, points out, in a beautiful and philosophical manner, where we are implicitly to follow this amiable mistress, and when and how we may improve, by modest dress, her native beauties.

Your affectionate son,

S. B.

New-York, Sept. 19th, 1764.

MY DEAR SAM,

I have examined, with great pleasure, your essays which you read before the medical society: you have entered far into the several subjects, and have made very judicious observations and conjectures upon them. On this subject let me beg, my dear son, that you will find time to read in your chamber, with the closest attention, Sydenham and Huxham on acute epidemical diseases; read them both in Latin and English; you will find infinite use and satisfaction in this task: as much as you can make yourself master of the spirit, genius, and whole scope of these authors, and make them to the utmost of your power, your own.

Whatever scheme you adopt while you stay in Europe, I would advise you to such a plan as will best familiarize you to a useful practice, which will require a close attendance on the judgment and manner of prescribing, of the most experienced and eminent physicians, and reading the symptoms and progress of diseases at the bed-side.

Mr. Inglis and Mr. Elliot speak very respectfully of you in this city; and Dr. Smith, who is arrived, has assured me, in company of Dr. Jones, that there is no doubt of your being an ornament to your profession. We all comfort ourselves, that the time is approaching when we shall have the pleasure of seeing you, but not before you have visited Paris, and Leyden, and spent some time in London. We have received from you, two very agreeable letters, together with the prints, your picture, and your preparations for the governor, which I shall present to him as you de-

sire. I hope you will have finished your studies at Edinburgh at the time you mention; and with respect to your going immediately to France or Holland, I leave it entirely to your choice, as you must be the best judge. On my part I shall take care, to the utmost of my power, to supply you, as in the prosecution of your studies you have given me the most entire satisfaction. We think your picture very like,* and well executed; it was a most agreeable present to us all. I very much approve the subject you have chosen for your thesis, and the person you propose to dedicate it to, and the pains you have taken to improve yourself in the Latin language. Adieu, my dear son, I look forward to the time of seeing you with great pleasure.

J. B.

New-York, Jan. 13, 1765.

MY DEAR SON,

I have received the copies of your Thesis; it has given me and all your friends, much satisfaction. I think you have exhausted the subject, and treated it in a way greatly to your honour; though we think you went too far in the experiments you made upon yourself. Your dedication is such as I would choose. I am sorry you had not a hundred more printed off, as the few you have reserved for your American friends are not sufficient: I would have been glad of forty or fifty more. I advise you to cultivate, while in London, the acquaintance of Drs. Huck,

* His brother, it seems, thought otherwise, as in a letter of the same date, he says, "either the painter has not done you justice, or Europe has not made you handsomer."

Franklin, Fothergill, West, &c. which will naturally lead you into company necessary, after a severe college life, to give you that polite easy carriage, which of all things most commends a gentleman, and which is only to be acquired in company of good taste, and the want of which is a great injury to the three young men already arrived. You have always had an easy temper and manner adapted to make friends : the grafting upon these, a polite, affable, and cheerful behaviour, is not difficult ; although sometimes the air of a college is not so readily worn off. Where the physician and gentleman unite, you never perceive any thing of pedantry ; it argues both ignorance and vanity—not ignorance perhaps of the profession, but of every thing else. A physician should never assume that, but at his patient's bed-side, and even then, avoid all formality.

My dear son, pardon one piece of advice more ; a gentleman always appears to great advantage in his private letters. There is no fault to be found with the sentiments or style of yours, but I wish you would endeavour to be a little neater, in their external form and dress. It is an accomplishment by no means below a gentleman : there is a gentility even in the manner of folding and sealing, and I am the more particular on this occasion, as I know nothing you are remiss in, excepting this point, which you think more trifling than I do.

Mr. Kempe wishes I could supply you with five hundred pounds sterling, as he says he is convinced of your abilities and merit in your profession, and nothing should be spared to make you return a finished gentleman, as well as a good physician. In answer to this, I have told him, that it is the man, and not the expense, that forms that charac-

ter. Good sense, goodness of heart, and a manner that is wholly a man's own, and arises from these qualifications, with the advantages of good company, will ever form the gentleman, and an exceeding agreeable character. However, I most heartily wish it was in my power to comply with your friend's advice; but though I cannot, if you or your friends in England should be of opinion your longer continuance is necessary, I will, to the utmost of my power, contribute towards it; for which I have estate enough, though difficult at this unhappy time to raise money from it. Whatever you conclude to do upon the representation of my affairs and my inclinations towards you, as I have now expressed them, I beg you will give me the earliest account, that I may govern myself accordingly; as it will be necessary, if you conclude to remain longer in Europe than next spring or summer, that I contrive some further methods to supply you; the whole of your conduct has been so much to my satisfaction that I would cheerfully submit to any difficulties for your comfort and advantage.

J. B.

New-York, Feb. 19, 1765.

MY DEAR SON,

I very much approve of your first visiting Holland and France, before you go to London, and then to prosecute the scheme you mention of attending to the mode of prescribing, of the most eminent physicians. A neat and simple manner of prescribing, is a great proof of a physician's skill, and greatly conducive to the patient's

safety. Dr. Huck possesses that quality in a great degree, and has a happy faculty of exploring the true nature of disease, and adapting his remedies successfully. I shall take the liberty of recommending you to his particular friendship: I am sure he will take you by the hand, and render you any good offices in his power: when you are there, your own judgment will point out to you the proper course, and I have the utmost confidence in your discretion. I have received a very polite letter from Dr. Morgan since his arrival in Philadelphia, where he mentions you in terms of the greatest respect.

Tennent is not yet arrived; Dr. Smith and Prince are here. There has not been much done in our college yet, nor any thing towards erecting a public hospital; these are things that will be reserved probably for you, and your contemporaries. As the time is now not far off when I expect the happiness of seeing you, permit me to mention one thing which, perhaps, is needless. In your taste of clothes preserve a plain and manly fashion, as well as in your manners. I know many young men of learning and talents, so captivated by this feather, as greatly to lessen that esteem they would otherwise obtain. Be extremely neat, but plain in your dress, set off by an easy, cheerful, open, candid address, and joined with such a becoming gravity as arises from the mind being engaged on subjects of importance. Consider further, my dear son, that New-York is to be the place of your residence, where plainness in dress has been long the taste of men of the greatest fortune, and much respect is due to the fashion and custom of the country where you live.

You will not forget to procure me some of the Rhubarb head you sent me so good a drawing of;* and I should be glad you would observe what you can, with respect to the paper mills of Scotland.

With respect to your dedication to the governor,† I wish you to remember, he is an old gentleman who likes respect, but is impatient of adulation. I think I would make it very short: mention your first instruction in botany, which is a branch of medicine, to have been received from him; and with an honest and plain expression of gratitude acknowledge his instances of kindness to you, and offer the dedication of your Thesis as a public testimony of that gratitude.

Your affectionate father,

J. B.

Edinburgh, April 7, 1765.

MY DEAR FATHER,

My brother informed me of your intention of building a paper-mill upon the glebe farm, in which I may, perhaps, have it in my power to be of some ser-

* Another copy of this drawing of the *Rheum Palmatum* was annexed to Dr. Hope's papers on that subject, in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of London*. This plant was raised in the botanic garden which he had established near Edinburgh, and was the means of superceding, as he intended, the foreign importation.

† Of this gentleman less is known in this country than his merit deserves. The reputation of the late Cadwallader Colden as a man of science, is acknowledged in the works of Linnæus, Gronovius, Macclesfield, &c. with whom he maintained a frequent correspondence; while his papers before the Royal Society, his treatises on *Gravitation*, *Fluxions*, and *Medical Pathology*, evince both learning and originality. Franklin gives him the credit of being the founder of the American Philosophical Society.

vice to you. As soon as I knew this to be your intention, I made it my business to inquire into the state of that manufacture in this country: there are about Edinburgh five or six, most of which I have seen, and as they seem to be built upon a plan different from those with which you are acquainted, I have sent you a draught I made of the mash-tub, &c. As I saw nothing else about the mill which seemed new, or uncommon, I have sent you no more drawings; but if there is any thing you desire to be particularly acquainted with, let me know it, for I think there is no object more worthy the attention of a gentleman, than the introduction of new manufactures into his native country. Before I visited the paper-mills, I read Postlewhaite upon that article, and received so much instruction from him, that I recommend him to you. I shall use my utmost endeavour to be able to come over to you in some of the spring ships, for I assure you I am as impatient as you can be, to hasten my return, while at the same time, I am loath to lose any opportunity of improvement which I shall probably never again have in my power.

Your affectionate son,

S. B.

Edinburgh, May 15, 1765.

MY DEAR FATHER,

My work being now over, and my mind at ease, I lay hold of the first opportunity of spending an hour with you, and communicating to you a little of the satisfaction I myself feel. The day before yesterday, I received my degree, with all the form and ceremony usual

upon such occasions. The two Monros, with Dr. Cullen, were in all my private examinations. My good friend Dr. Hope, publicly impugned my Thesis; and to all of them I consider myself much indebted, for their behaviour upon this occasion, in which, although they kept up the strictness of professors, they never lost sight of the politeness of gentlemen. My examinations were as follows: on the first day, I had not the most distant hint what was to be the subject of my trial. I went in, I confess, trembling, and Dr. Cullen began my examination by asking me some general definitions, as “*quid est medicina?*” and so on: he then went to the structure of the stomach and alimentary canal, thence made a digression to their diseases, with their diagnosis and method of cure. Then, young Dr. Monro followed upon similar topics. This ended my first examination, which lasted near an hour. My next, consisted in writing commentaries upon two aphorisms of Hippocrates, and defending them against old Dr. Monro, and Dr. Cullen, which took up one hour also. My last private one was writing commentaries upon two cases in practice, much in the same manner as those I sent, which I defended against young Dr. Monro, and Dr. Cullen. This examination took up an hour and a half; and lastly, I was called upon publicly in the hall, to defend my Thesis. During all these trials, my exercises were not only written in Latin, but I was obliged to defend them in the same language; not even in the first, where I was ignorant of my subject, being allowed to speak a word of English.

Your affectionate son,

S. B.

THE foregoing series of letters it has not been worth while to interrupt, by the few additional particulars which the recollections of friendship have retained, and which are here subjoined.

His private instructer he described as a man "learned and ingenious, but at the same time bold and dogmatic;" nor will medical men be inclined to dispute the justice of this description, when it is added, that it relates to Dr. John Brown, afterward so well known as the author of the medical theory which bears his name; a pathology so simple in its principles, and so easy in its application, as to have been liable to great practical abuse. But from this boasted simplicity, it may be added, medical science is now content to recede, and to rest in the humbling acknowledgment that we are "fearfully and wonderfully made." This bold and self-taught theorist, at the time of Dr. Bard's employing of him, was struggling with poverty and neglect; working his way into notice by occasional attacks on received opinions, and gaining a scanty livelihood by classical instruction, and what, in the cant language of the university, is termed grinding or cramming, by which is meant fitting the idle or the dull for a formal examination. Either from disgust at his task, or the inadequacy of its compensation, at this time Brown talked much of emigrating to America. Had he carried this plan into effect, it would probably have connected him with his young pupil, in building up a medical school in New-York. The patronage, however, of Dr. Cullen, who, by

the daily loan of his lectures, enabled him to repeat and illustrate them to a class of private pupils, soon turned his attention from this trans-atlantic scheme, and opened to him brighter prospects, had he possessed either the prudence necessary to realize them, or the virtue, without which talent soon becomes contemptible.

In the lectures of Dr. Blair, Mr. Bard took great delight; they gratified a naturally delicate and discerning taste, which fitted him to excel in such studies. On one occasion, the ability he displayed in the criticism of a paper submitted to him, drew from the professor a marked public commendation. In a mind of such a temperament, praise stimulated exertion, and not a little of his subsequent fondness for these studies, and ability in them, may be traced to the assiduity with which he then cultivated them. Not content in this department with the ordinary course, he was enabled, by Sheridan's visit to Edinburgh, to supply that in which alone his accomplished teacher was deficient, the power of delivery. Dr. Blair's manner he described as impressive, in spite of all its faults. With a voice weak by nature, and a pronunciation incorrect by early habit, he yet commanded singular attention, and had he but inherited the resolution, as he did the defect* of the great orator of antiquity, he might have furnished to his hearers, not only the rule, but the example. In this art Dr. Bard was, as has been already hinted, no mean proficient. In after life, he always commanded in public delivery, a degree of attention, which went far beyond the

* Blair, like Demosthenes, was unable to pronounce the letter *r*, "litera quâ Demosthenes laboravit," says Quint.

claims either of his figure or voice ; but which was the result of graceful gesture, correct emphasis, and above all, the nice discrimination and animated expression of the sense and feeling of that which he delivered. If, according to Aristotle, *το πνεύμα* be that which constitutes the soul of eloquence, Dr. Bard was an orator of no common stamp ; he threw his heart into his words, and from the fullness of his own, poured persuasion into the breast of others. By those who knew him it will be readily acknowledged, how difficult it was successfully to oppose that fullness of conviction, and that fearlessness of undoubting sincerity with which he maintained his opinions ; and which, supported by variety of knowledge and command of language, secured to him a large and permanent circle of influence.

Most men hold their opinions loosely ; they will give them up rather than fight for them ; hence the victories which, independent of right and wrong, enthusiasm can ever gain over the mass of mankind ; and which, when joined to knowledge and virtue, as in this case it doubtless was, forms “such materials,” to use the words of a friend of Dr. Bard, “as the benefactors of the world are made of.”

The medical society, the history and objects of which are contained in one of the letters to his father, held a higher standing than generally belongs to such recent and youthful institutions. The letter of recommendation which he received from this society on his departure, has the sign manual of each of its members, among whom may be found the names of some whom kings have since “delighted to honour,” and what is more to their credit, who have themselves done honour to their profession. Among such may

be mentioned, Saunders of London, and Sir Lucas Pepys, physician to the late king; Percival, of Manchester; Professor Duncan, of Edinburgh; Professor Parsons, of Oxford; Haygarth, and Watson, of Cambridge, and Professor Morgan, of Philadelphia; names widely scattered, yet indebted, perhaps, to this early union, for the first excitement of that native talent which subsequently rendered them conspicuous. Of this *letter-patent* it may be observed, that the language is indicative of affection as well as respect, and the expression "animus ad optimum quodque paratus," not unaptly describes that moral readiness of mind, which marked his character, and which fitted him, under whatever circumstance he was placed, promptly to turn all his powers to the advancement of some honourable or useful end.

Of his thesis "de viribus opii," which he defended at his examination, medical men have spoken with great respect. Soon after its appearance, it attracted the attention of Hal-
ler, and recently has been quoted by Crumpe, in language singularly respectful for an academical thesis, but not perhaps beyond its merits, if we look to the philosophical manner in which its materials were collected. Having selected, as his subject, the effects of opium on the human system, which, in common with his teachers, he regarded as a stimulant, he instituted a set of experiments, first upon himself, and subsequently upon a fellow student, to test, or rather to verify, that opinion. His room-mate, Dr. Saun-
ders, of London, submitted, upon the offer of reciprocal aid, to be the subject of this experimental analysis. The experiments were frequently and carefully repeated; and the results accurately noted. His facts being thus obtain-

ed, he proceeded with his inductions, and concluded, if not with truth, at least, with singular freedom from prejudice, in the opposite opinion from that which he had proposed maintaining. Whether that opinion be right or wrong, the mode of arriving at it was creditable alike to his candour and his enterprise ; it evinced an openness to conviction, and a fairness of mind, which form not only the basis of moral excellence, but the corner-stone of true philosophy. Touching the truth of the doctrine itself, which the author believes is not now the prevalent one, it may be suggested, that medicines are to be ranked as stimulant, or sedative, not by their manner of acting, but by their efficient results. The “modus agendi” lies not within the province of sound philosophy. It may be, and perhaps is true, that whatever acts on the living fibre is necessarily stimulant : yet, if the indirect debility which succeeds, be, as in the case of opium it unquestionably is, great and rapid, to all practical purposes it may be ranked as a sedative, though it must be acknowledged that its powers of nervous excitement are often at variance with this opinion.

In fulfilment of his offer, Mr. Bard became, in his turn, the subject of a series of experiments to his fellow student. Their object, it is believed, was the operation of ammonia ; but whatever it was, they were either less safe in their nature, or less cautiously conducted ; since a state of torpor, which continued several hours, was, in one instance, their result, and probably checked, for the time, the zeal of these young experimentalists.

This thesis, thus carefully prepared, and ably defended, admitted Mr. Bard to his medical degree. His diploma

bears date September 6, 1765, and has the signatures affixed of the two Robertsons, Rutherford, the two Monros, Whytt, Hope, Young, Hamilton, Cumming, Ferguson, Russell, and Blair.

The polite and friendly manner in which Cullen conducted his examination, marked, as Dr. Bard observed, his ordinary demeanour to the students ; which not only secured to him their respect and attachment, but gave to his department such exclusive popularity, as to be hardly consistent with the comparative claims of the other parts of the medical course, a distinction certainly not viewed without envy by his less fortunate brethren. The novelty of the science he taught, a title which, before his philosophical arrangement, chemistry could hardly claim ; the brilliancy of his experiments, and the boldness of his opinions, no doubt added force to this preference ; still, however, his mild and persuasive manners were the great source of it, for when in the following year* he gave place to an abler chemist, and succeeded to an unpopular professor, he transferred to his new department all his former popularity.

With the botanical professor he was a great favourite. "My good friend, Dr. Hope," is his ordinary designation of him ; and he justly felt it no small praise to be thus distinguished in botany by the friend of Linnæus.

The particular intimacy with Dr. Monro, of which Dr. Bard speaks in one of his letters, related to the younger of that name ; one whom he resembled much in character,

* In 1766, upon the death of Dr. Whytt, Cullen succeeded to the chair of "Theory of Medicine," and was succeeded in his own by the eminent Dr. Black.

and not less in fate. Four years older than his pupil, Monro died the same number of years before him ; both rising to the highest eminence, in their profession, and in the medical schools of their respective countries ; both retaining, amid the bodily weaknesses of age, all their mental vigour, and each closing his academical career by the delivery of a valedictory discourse in the seventy-seventh year of life ; Monro, to his medical class, and Dr. Bard, to the graduates of the college over which he presided.

The elder Monro, who may justly be considered the father of that great medical school, was at this time about retiring from the duties of a lecturer, warned not so much by the infirmities of age, as by the encroachments of a painful disease, which, two years afterward, terminated his life. Of his early labours he lived long to enjoy the fruits : for forty years he continued to lecture in the school he may be said to have founded, and dying, left to his son the reputation of his name, and the possession of the first anatomical chair in Europe.

Among other circumstances worthy of note in this circle of academical worthies, is the longevity of its members, and the long period of their useful labours. Dr. Hope continued to lecture until near the end of his life, which terminated in 1786 ; having been advanced, some years before, to the presidency of the Royal Medical College.

Cullen's labours and life ended together, in the year 1790, being joint professor, at the period of his death, with the learned and amiable Gregory. Blair retired in 1783, and survived his retirement ten years. Robertson wore his honours until the seventy-second year of his age. While Monro, as we have already noticed, was spa-

red for more than half a century to deliver his instructions from that chair which his father had so long dignified ; and then transmitted his professorship, as he had received it, an inheritance to his son.

Among the traits of character which distinguished Dr. Bard, throughout life, was an insatiable inquisitiveness of mind, which led him, wherever he was, to ransack, and examine whatever came within his reach, whether of art or nature. Minerals, plants, animals, man, and his works, were rapidly, and alternately, the object of his attention. Whatever was rare, or beautiful, or useful, immediately seized upon his imagination, and afforded matter for curious investigation, or a basis for ingenious theory. Sometimes, indeed, his own creative fancy would invest an ordinary subject with imaginary value ; and then, his mind looking rather to its own conceptions than to that which had excited them, would run out into brilliant, but illusive deductions. Even while engaged in his medical studies, the husbandry, arts, and manufactures of Edinburgh, and its neighbourhood, were frequently the subjects of his inquiries, and the basis of future plans of wealth to his family, or benefit to his country. The cultivation of madder, saffron, and rhubarb ; the manufactory of tape, of glass, and of paper, with directions for the one, and plans for the other, occupied, in their turn, the restless curiosity of his mind, and formed the topic of many of his later letters to his father. Of this temper of mind, which sometimes ran into a fault, at least in a prudential point of view, Dr. Bard was destined soon to receive the best corrective, in the calm practical judgment of the lady to whom he became attached : a firm, tender, and judicious friend,

to whose wise caution, and prudent management, no small share of his subsequent worldly success is to be imputed.

Freed from academical studies, and untrammelled, as yet, by professional duties, he employed the remainder of the autumn in an excursion through the most interesting parts of Scotland. His high gratification left him, it would seem, but little time for the expression of it; as an occasional rapturous criticism in his letters is the only record made of it: these show, however, the tone of feeling excited. He gazed with awe on the castle of the duke of Argyle, at Inverary, “amid wild and desolate mountains, a Gothic pile, in a country Gothic by nature.” And on the picture of the duchess at Hamilton, he “hung” he says “with rapture, as she looked a degree above human nature.” But neither the fair plea of relaxation after his labours, nor the high enjoyment such scenes afforded, could long detain him from his great aim, towards the completion of which he now hastened.

Finding no suitable companion for his continental tour, he deferred it until a more agreeable season, and established himself, for the winter, in London; by invitation making Mr. Board’s house his home, but passing the greater part of his time in attendance on Guy’s and St. Thomas’s hospitals. In these he devoted himself to the medical in preference to the surgical side of the house; finding, like his favourite teacher, Cullen, that his natural sensibility was too keen for a calm and scientific operator.

Of this “winter in London,” no letters remain to show its employment; but the fresh recollections and minute acquaintance which Dr. Bard ever after evinced, of all that renders that metropolis curious and interesting, show

that his leisure hours were not wasted in frivolous or fashionable dissipation.

With the return of spring came again the long proposed, and frequently deferred, project of a continental tour; among the attractions of which, the University of Leyden seemed to hold the first place. The reputation of Boerhaave gave sanctity, in his opinion, to that seminary: he not only respected him as a great and successful teacher of the healing art, but venerated him as one of the greatest and best of men—frequently dwelt upon his character with an enthusiasm that showed much of moral sympathy with the virtues it displayed, and recommended it in conversation to the young as a model for their imitation, and a high and encouraging picture of what virtue and industry can perform. He may even be said to have closed his professional career with his name upon his lips, as the last discourse he delivered to the medical graduates concludes with a forcible delineation of the character of this great man, as the best embodied picture he could give them of the perfection at which they should aim.

To this opinion, which, however exalted, can hardly be termed exaggerated, the prejudices of education had given strength. Of the two Monros, the elder was the intimate friend of Boerhaave, and the younger his favourite pupil; and both contributed to exalt his reputation among their students, while, by their talents, they were in some degree eclipsing his fame. To this latter point, indeed, his pupil Cullen laboured directly, by substituting a new medical theory for that of his master. Later physiologists have, however, done justice to the sagacious conjectures of

Boerhaave ; and shown them to be, like those of Bacon, anticipations of knowledge beyond the reach of his age.

There are no letters to show to what cause the abandonment of this tour is to be attributed ; it must, at any rate, have been a painful sacrifice, and it is much to be regretted that the last finish was not thus given to his medical education. He was now, in the language of Sydney, “fitted for travel,” and an observant and retentive mind would have stored up much valuable matter for future speculation and improvement.

Whatever hastened his return, still left him time for an excursion of pleasure, to which he often afterward alluded with delight. Enthusiastic in all his feelings of admiration, whether excited by art or nature, he found them all gratified in visiting those

“ Ancient seats, with venerable oaks
Embosomed high,”

which give to England a beauty and interest superior to more favoured regions. On these recollections he dwelt with peculiar pleasure when, late in life, he laboured to transfer some of their beauties to that spot where his old age found its amusements, if not its occupation.

Of his increased intimacy in London with his former friends or extended acquaintance, little can be told but from casual recollections : the name of Dr. Aikin was often mentioned by him as a friend and companion ; and of his last visit to Dr. Fothergill he told the following anecdote.

After much salutary advice, suitable to a parting visit, Dr. F. concluded with what he termed the secret of his

own success, "I crept," said he, "over the backs of the poor into the pockets of the rich." It would be doing injustice to a character of more than common philanthropy, to interpret this as a recommendation of cold-hearted selfishness; as such it was neither intended, nor felt; but as a prudential maxim which Dr. Bard often himself repeated, and enforced upon young physicians, viz: that the basis of their practice and their fame, to be permanent, should be laid in the opinions of the many, and thus growing up, by insensible degrees, it would be free from the dangers that attend on a premature reputation, or a narrow and wavering patronage.

After a residence of ten months in the metropolis, he prepared for his return, and taking passage in a merchant ship for New-York, delayed embarking until she had dropped down the river. This circumstance is mentioned as introductory of a little adventure, which, as it is the only one of the kind that befell him abroad, and as taken directly from his own narration, is here given. Going down to join the vessel at Gravesend, in company with a young friend, owing to the late hour of their departure, they found themselves benighted on Blackheath; a piece of road, even now, not without its terrors, and, at that day, noted for scenes of violence. The darkness of the night, combining with their ignorance of the road, soon bewildered them; and after wandering a while in trackless obscurity, they were forced to take up their lodgings in what they next morning found to be a lone house upon the heath. Retiring to rest in the same room, they seem to have had no suspicion of danger, but soon fell asleep. In the course of the night, one of them having arisen, was

surprised to find the door locked on the outside : alarmed at this suspicious circumstance, he awaked his companion, when both dressed and proceeded to search their room for means either of escape, or resistance. A narrow and concealed door at length attracted their notice, and yielded to their cautious efforts to open it. It was connected with a descending step-ladder, at the bottom of which lay a cloak and sword, with a dark lanthorn lighted. Making themselves masters of these implements, which they suspected, perhaps not without reason, were to be used against themselves, they barricaded the entrances with what means the room afforded, and passed the remainder of the night in sleepless anxiety. Waiting until the morning sun had dissipated all apprehensions of personal violence, they retreated as fast as possible from this intended scene of violence, neither asking nor giving an explanation of what had occurred ; and fearful of losing their passage by legal detention, should they lodge information of the circumstances, (a neglect of justice which Dr. Bard subsequently regretted,) proceeded on their way to the ship, which awaited their arrival.

The ensuing voyage was long and boisterous ; it however terminated safely, and after a five years' absence, restored him again to his anxious and longing parents. The emotions excited by their first interview were such as fixed the minutest circumstances of it indelibly on his memory ; and he often repeated, almost with the feelings of the moment, the occupations, appearance, and even dress, in which he found them. To his father, independently of parental affection, this meeting was peculiarly interesting. It had completed his favourite plan ; one which he had

pursued under difficulties and embarrassments, with a perseverance proportioned to his anticipation of its success. He was now to judge of its results: and we may imagine with what eager anxiety, under such circumstances, a father would meet a son, and make every word and movement supply deductions either of hope or fear. On which side these preponderated, it is easy to conjecture; how far they were realized, subsequent events will show. Of the eagerness with which they were sought, a sufficient proof is afforded in the fact, that his father and himself separated not until the next morning's sun had arisen; wasting the night in conversation, in giving and receiving such pleasure as a good father, and a grateful son can alone receive or bestow.

But in this meeting, besides his immediate family, there was another individual present, whom, even then, he did not regard with indifference, and on whom he soon felt that his future happiness depended. This was his cousin, Mary Bard, already alluded to as the eldest of two orphan sisters, and then resident in the family of her indulgent uncle. Of her personal beauty at that period, Dr. Bard, in his animated manner, often drew, from fond recollection, a pleasing and attractive picture. A less doubtful evidence of it may be found in the early likenesses which are preserved of her, and the remains of a calm and dignified beauty which she retained to a very advanced age. Perhaps its influence on him was increased by the happy associations which then surrounded it, and the peculiar sensibility of the heart at such periods. But whatever be the cause, certain it is, he dated from that evening the commencement of an affection which wavered

not through the long and chequered period of fifty-five years of joy and sorrow.

That he did not come prepared to meet her with indifference, is indicated by a letter of rather an earlier date, which derives some interest from its bearing on this happiest circumstance of his life. It is introduced by another from his cousin William, a young man whom disappointed affection had driven into the army, and who was then with his regiment in England.

Samford-Hall, Feb. 22, 1766.

MY DEAR SAM,

You lay me under great obligations for the concern you express at my unhappiness ; though, at the same time, it is a little ungenerous to torment me by that ironical speech, with regard to our dear cousin, telling me to live still in hopes of being happy with her. Believe me, my dear Sam, I have long given that over. Some other person, (perhaps yourself,) is designed for that blessing, whilst I am reserved for fortune to frown upon. For my future ease, I must endeavour to forget her ; how far I shall succeed in that, God only knows. After mustering all my philosophy, I am still as discontented as ever. I am, indeed, very unhappy, and what is worse, believe I shall ever remain so.*

Yours affectionately,

W. BARD.

* Of such feelings, recklessness of life was the natural consequence. His personal exposure in the field attracted general notice, but hastened, as he appeared to wish, his fate ; and estranged from his country, as well as happiness, he fell in the attack on Bunker's-hill, June 16, 1775, under

The casual suggestion of his own success, or, perhaps, the natural, though unacknowledged, desire of succeeding

such circumstances of bravery as drew forth the following testimonial to his worth, published at the time in the London papers.

Why unlamented, should the valiant bleed,
Though not with wealth or tinsel'd honours crown'd ;
Who by brave acts seek glory's deathless meed,
Whose life was blameless, and whose fall renown'd.

Oh ! Bard, deserving of a better fate !
Upon thy birth no star auspicious shone ;
Full were thy days of wo, though short the date,
And fell misfortune claimed thee for her son.

Britain, with empty praise alone, repaid
Thy well proved valour ; oft thy blood was shed
In her defence : yet ever, undismayed,
You trod the rugged path where glory led.

With his bold friend, the valiant band before,
Like two twin lions from the mountain's height ;
He rushed undaunted to the battle's roar,
And urged the numerous foe to shameful flight.

What could he more ?—he fell, with fame adorned,
He nobly fell, while, weeping by his side,
Bright victory the dear bought conquest mourn'd,
As thus with faltering voice he faintly cried :

“ Praise crown the warriors by whose side I fought,
And the dear youth who o'er them holds command ;
Tell him I acted as a soldier ought,
Nor shamed the glory of his valiant band.”

Then, when informed the hostile troops were fled,
With strength renewed, he made this short reply,
“ Thanks to kind Heaven, I have not vainly bled,
Since my friends conquer, I with pleasure die.”

where another has failed, awakened a new feeling of interest in his fair cousin, and prompted the following letter.

London, March 14, 1766.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

William informs me that he is in hopes of receiving your miniature before leaving the country. Now, were I a man of fortune, there is no expense I would more indulge in than this: for thus I might, at any time, hold conversation with my friends at a distance; and, by looking at its representation, recall to mind the mirth and good humour of my merry companions; the good sense and learning of those who have, in my more serious hours, instructed me; the honest sincerity of the friend I esteem; and the delicacy and affection of the mistress I love. I would have too, in my gardens, alcoves and temples dedicated to the memory of my best friends, and adorned with their portraits. By these means, I could never experience the fatigue of being tired of myself; for thus I could always

Thus, like the fearless Theban, he expir'd;
A fate bewailed, yet envied by the brave:
The muse with tender sympathy inspir'd,
Thus pours her sorrow o'er his silent grave.

O thou, from whom, disdaining abject fear,
Each glowing bosom caught congenial flame;
Who still surviv'st, to me for ever dear,
Thy loss I mourn, yet triumph in thy fame.

Perish the thought, nor let me thus profane,
Thy well earn'd praise, with one ill-omen'd sigh;
All mean distrust is sacred honour's bane;
The brave may fall, their name can never die.

enjoy the choicest company, without the interruption of idle intruders. But, my dear cousin, these arcadian notions ill agree with the profession I have chosen, in the practice of which I shall see but little of my friends, except at such times as, by their illness, they fill me with concern: however, I hope by your goodness, and my sister's affection, I shall now and then enjoy an hour or two free from anxiety; which, being rendered doubly agreeable by the unlimited confidence of friendship and affection, will repay me amply for the fatigue and uneasiness of the day.

Yours affectionately,

S. B.

That this connexion was the one his father would have chosen, may well be doubted. Mutual dependance was a bar to their present union; and postponed engagements, he regarded, as unfavourable to his son's professional success. Indeed some degree of disappointment may be imagined, as a letter to his son had already indicated a match in which fortune, joined with beauty, and still more important requisites, was not, in the opinion of a partial parent, too high a prize for his returning son to aspire to. Whatever views of this kind he might have had, were dissipated by his son's early preference of his cousin; and whatever doubts mingled themselves with that engagement, were soon removed by her warm and devoted attachment, which not only secured his son's happiness, but added greatly to his own. On the score of worldly prudence it was, indeed, hardly to be commended: the expenses of young Dr. Bard's education, had exceeded one

thousand pounds, and contributed to the difficulties in which a thoughtless, or speculative, temper had already involved his father. These debts, it was doubly his duty to labour to discharge; and so strongly was this obligation felt, that this early engagement, perhaps, saved him from the decision of a most painful question, how far he ought to have gone in the sacrifice of personal inclination to relieve the necessities of a parent, incurred through his means, and for his advantage. But while to the eye of prudence all was thus dark in the prospect, light and cheerfulness rested upon that which love and resolution pictured. Dr. Bard entered at once upon the exercise of his profession, in partnership with his father, devoting himself to it with his native enthusiasm, heightened by all the motives which could operate on the feelings of a son or a lover. For three years, he drew nothing from the profits of their joint business, which amounted to near fifteen hundred pounds per annum, beyond his necessary expenses, allowing all the remainder, that he might justly have claimed, to go towards the liquidation of debts which, in honour, he regarded as his own. Considering himself, after that time, as exonerated from all other claim than that of gratitude, he proceeded to fulfil his engagement with his cousin, and trusting to Providence, and his own exertions, the marriage took place upon the slender stock of one hundred pounds; "wisely calculating," as he often observed with a smile, "that his wife's economy would double his earnings." Nor in this lover-like conclusion can it well be said, that he was mistaken. In his own temper thoughtless, though not profuse,

money would hardly have accumulated in his possession ; what his industry and enterprise acquired, needed some more careful hand to hold : and that hand he found in the one that was then bestowed upon him, whose strict, though liberal economy, may justly be said to have “doubled all his store.”

With this lady he was destined to pass a period equal to the ordinary duration of human life ; and in its joys and sorrows, to find her, to use his own expressive language, “a steady, judicious, and affectionate friend, and a dear and excellent wife.”

Running in debt for what their slender means could not furnish, they established themselves in their new residence, giving to it that air of respectability which an enlightened economy knows how to throw over the narrowest circumstances ; and proceeded to their task of industry with all that spirit of cheerful exertion which the feelings of youth and happy minds excite.

Dr. Bard’s early formed plan of a medical school was not abandoned by him on his return from abroad ; but instead of the youthful assistants originally proposed, he had the higher credit of exciting older and abler men to the task. Within a year after his return it was organized, and united to King’s College. His associates were, Drs. Clossy, Jones, Middleton, Smith, and Tennent ; while to him, by common consent, then but in his twenty-eighth year, was given the most responsible and influential department of the Practice of physic. Thus early did he begin to repay his debt of education to this literary institution, which for forty years he continued to serve, as

circumstances demanded, in almost every branch of experimental and medical science ; and, for the last twenty years of his residence in the city, as Trustee, and Dean of the faculty of physic. Medical degrees were first conferred by this school in 1769, when, upon occasion of their public delivery, the honourable task was assigned to Dr. Bard, (due rather to his zeal and ability, than to his years,) of addressing the students, and through them the public, upon this novel and interesting occasion. The effect of this address may be adduced as a proof of the persuasive eloquence with which he always urged a good cause.

On the sixteenth of May, being the day of its annual commencement, he delivered, before the officers of the college, and the governor and council of the province, a " Discourse upon the duties of a physician," taking occasion, from his subject, to enforce the usefulness, or rather, necessity of a public hospital, and the propriety of its immediate establishment, as the most efficient means of relief to the suffering poor of the city, and of instruction to medical students. The address concluded in these words : " Nor is this scheme, I believe, so impracticable, nor the execution of it so remote, as at first sight it may appear to be. There are numbers in this place, whose fortunes enable them, and whose benevolence would prompt them, liberally to contribute to so useful an institution. It wants but a prime mover, whose authority would give weight to the undertaking, and whose zeal and industry would promote it. Such an one, I hope, ere long, to see rise up among us ; and may the blessing of the poor, and the ap-

plause of the good, be the reward of his exertions." So convincing were his arguments, or so well-timed the appeal, that it aroused the individual upon whom it was, perhaps, most intended to operate. Sir Henry Moore, governor of the province, as soon as the address was closed, expressed warmly both his admiration of the speech, and his patronage of the plan. Dr. Bard's zeal was too warm to allow that of others to cool. At the college dinner which ensued, he publicly presented to the governor a subscription paper previously prepared, who headed the list with the sum of two hundred pounds; in which he was followed with proportional liberality by the members of the council, and other gentlemen present.

This discourse Dr. Bard immediately published, and dedicated to the individual, whose "very generous warmth," as he terms it, so well seconded the earnestness with which it had been delivered. The result of this appeal was a victory which would have been flattering even to age and reputation, and Dr. Bard looked back to it with those feelings of honest exultation which always accompany success in honourable and benevolent designs, and especially when atchieved under circumstances of disadvantage.

In the preface, he speaks of the plan as having already engaged the attention of many benevolent persons, who only waited some happy occasion to push it with success. "Such an occasion," says he, "now presents itself; and I trust the generous and public-spirited, of every denomination, will enter warmly into the design, and promote it with that zeal which should actuate the breast of every

man who thinks it his duty to relieve the necessities of his fellow-creatures, or promote the happiness of society." The subscription thus honourably begun, was rapidly extended; and the city authorities, at length, added to the number of its patrons. With the funds thus collected, three acres of lofty ground, in the upper part of the city, were purchased for a location, and a suitable structure erected. When on the point of completion, Dr. Bard was doomed to witness the failure of the whole plan, in the destruction of the building by an accidental fire. Exhausted funds, and political dissents, for a long time forbade any farther attempts; so that this noble design remained unaccomplished until the year 1791. From that period, until his retirement, Dr. Bard continued to be its visiting physician, in the performance of which duty, he has often told the writer, he never omitted a single day.

The history of this institution is foreign to the purpose of this memoir; it is sufficient to observe, that it has continued to be an honour alike to those who founded, and those who have managed it: exhibiting, at the present day, a union of zeal and disinterested benevolence, which, in such charities, seldom outlives the enthusiasm of their first establishment: and, while it equals any other institution, either here or in Europe, in the relief it affords to suffering humanity, it is believed to surpass them all in the peculiar facilities it offers as a practical school of medicine.

Among other obligations which professional men in New-York owe to this discourse, is the exposure it contains of the unreasonable and dangerous practice which

then prevailed of their charges being grounded solely on the medicine given to their patients ; thus unjustly depriving them of any remuneration for that wherein alone the value of their services consisted : and exposing them to the constant temptation, if not absolute necessity, of prescriptions often needless, and sometimes hurtful. This bold expostulation probably tended to hasten the change which, on this point, soon afterward took place.

As this discourse is now rare, an extract may not be uninteresting, as conveying an idea of its style and spirit. In addressing the students, he begins with this appalling assertion, “ Be not alarmed, young gentlemen, if I set out with telling you, that your labours can have no end ; for, would you acquit yourselves to your conscience, *your* lives must be spent in rendering those of others long and happy.” Of that false reverence for antiquity, which had so long trammelled inquiry, and served as a cloak to indolence, he speaks with the feelings of an independent thinker. “ Why,” says he, “ should we give more to those times, than they attributed to themselves ? Read the writings of the wisest among the ancients, and they are filled with modesty and diffidence : why then should we ascribe to them infallibility and omniscience ? I see no reason why time should lessen our abilities ; and, surely, experience must increase our knowledge.”

In this same year his father’s plan of retirement was renewed, accompanied by some speculative scheme of trade at Hyde Park ; this appears to have been so contrary to the judgment of his son, as to have drawn from him the following expostulation.

New-York, October 8, 1769.

HONOURED SIR,

Since writing the enclosed, I have again read your letter, and do not know that I have ever found so much difficulty in determining upon any subject.

The earnest desire I have of seeing you independent, my affection for my brother, who, I most sincerely wish, could be settled among us, and my own longing desire to be doing something for myself, have all pleaded strongly in its favour; yet, upon the whole, my fears have got the better, and I cannot help thinking it too great a risk for persons in our circumstances to run.

By selling, you may secure a moderate fortune and an easy life; by keeping the farm, you may, perhaps, die richer, but then you run the risk of living oppressed with a heavy load of debt, for, perhaps, the better part of your days. I do assure you, sir, I write in pain; and it hurts me to oppose what you seem so much to desire. I am afraid too, lest you should be offended, and think me obstinately attached to my own opinion, or indifferent about your happiness, and that of my brothers and sisters. But I flatter myself you know me too well to entertain any such suspicion; if I err in my judgment, my sincerity is the only apology I can make for it.

Your affectionate son,

S. B.

In consequence of this opposition the scheme was abandoned; and father and son continued three years longer

in that constant intercourse, which their partnership required, and their affection rendered agreeable: but it was a source of more happiness than profit. Though the reputation of young Dr. Bard, (a title which he continued to bear till he had passed his grand climacteric,) had greatly extended his father's business, it still proved insufficient to meet the needful expenses of two establishments. The cost of living was much increased; the reputation of such men as Jones, Clossy, and Middleton, maintaining their practice, kept up that professional aristocracy which, in physic as in the law, renders the ascent, even of talent and industry, slow and arduous.

Under these circumstances Dr. Bard deemed it expedient, in the year 1772, to propose the alternative of his own removal, or that of his father, from the city. Had the former been chosen, it was his intention to have established himself in Philadelphia, where family friends, and his own reputation, would have secured him a favourable introduction.

Dr. John Bard, who had long projected a removal from the city, now decided upon it; and after building at Hyde Park a country residence, long noted for the courteous and liberal hospitality which reigned within it, retired to his maternal inheritance. His city establishment was purchased by his son, who entered at once into his father's circle of practice, out of the profits of which he continued, for five years, to allow him a large proportion.

The few following letters, incidentally preserved, throw some light on this period of his life; and the feelings with which, in common with most good men, he regarded the approaches of that painful, but necessary contest, which

shortly ensued between the colonies and the mother country.

It appears, also, by the business details of these letters, that his father's resolution could not withstand the temptation which his removal had renewed, to the prosecution of his former mercantile scheme, and which seems to have involved both his son and himself in much pecuniary embarrassment.

New-York, March 10, 1773.

HONOURED SIR,

My brother arrived here three days ago, and made us all very happy by the account he brought of your health and spirits, and the encouraging prospects of your business. But when I reflect on the ease and stability it would give to your affairs, I own I cannot help wishing, and most sincerely too, that you could meet with a good purchaser. How comfortable would it be, to be once independently settled in your retirement; and how safe and happy would you feel from the reflection, that none could break in upon your repose; that though you might never wake again, your sheepfold would be safe, and no intruding hand could disturb the peace and tranquillity of your little flock, or drive them from the shelter which you had reared for their protection. These thoughts have great weight with me, and it is both my wish, and that of my brothers, that if you possibly can, you will, in this way, secure to yourself, my mother, and sisters, peace and independence. What surplus Heaven and your paternal care shall provide for us, we shall gratefully receive; but we wish it not, if, to procure it, what is so much more

essential must be put to the least hazard. I could not have been more sensibly disappointed than I am, in being deprived of the pleasure of seeing you this winter; nor is there any thing for which I envy my brother more, than the happiness he has lately enjoyed in paying you a visit; a thing I so ardently desire, and have so distant a prospect of enjoying, that I almost regret the very success which puts it out of my power.

My business hitherto has equalled my expectations, nor do I believe it will decrease; but it will be long before I shall acquire a fortune from it: a circumstance which will very much bound my wishes, and render me content with very moderate possessions: for I seek wealth only to secure happiness; and, ever since you left us, I have placed mine in following you: to spend as much of life together as nature, moderate circumstances, and unambitious pursuits will allow. But I must indulge this thought no farther, for I find it only puts me out of humour with my present situation, which, after all my grumbling, is, I confess, much better than I deserve.

Your affectionate son,

S. B.

New-York, April 26, 1775.

MY DEAREST FATHER,

I am most sincerely sorry to confirm the afflicting reports, which, before this, I suppose you have heard. It is but too true, that the sword of civil discord is at length unsheathed, and the horrors of that worst of wars begun among us. Mr. Seagrove writes from Boston, that on Tuesday a body of eight hundred troops

marched suddenly from Boston, in the night, with intention to seize a magazine which had been prepared at Concord, or, perhaps, the delegates, who were there met. On their way they encountered a company of minute-men exercising, and ordered them to disperse, who refusing to do so, the troops fired twice over their heads, and, as they still stood their ground, a third time, among them, and killed eight; upon which the country was immediately alarmed by the firing of cannon, and the troops intercepted on their return. General Gage sent out a thousand men, under the command of Lord Percy, to their assistance; these two bodies united, and made a kind of retreating battle into Boston. Many officers were wounded; and between two and three hundred private men killed. Seagrove adds, that preparations were making, on both sides, as if it was to be very soon renewed. What number of the inhabitants was killed is not known; but all agree their loss must have been considerable. Other letters make the number of the troops killed to be near five hundred; but I suppose the truth is not exactly known; enough, however, is known, to fill every humane breast with the deepest affliction. We have had some commotion among us on the occasion, though, on the whole, we are remarkably quiet; and I am not without hopes, shall remain so, through the interposition of those who have interest among the common people. I have ever preserved a moderate and temperate course, and you may be assured, shall, on this occasion, rather increase my caution than lessen it. God, and God only, knows where these unhappy disputes will end; it can hardly, however, be hoped they will subside before we have felt

heavily the inconveniencies of them. Yet it is not impossible but that the resolution and spirit which have now been shown by our neighbours, may convince the British ministry that they have not much to expect from America by force; and in that way, will never get a revenue out of us which will pay the expense of collecting. God send that it may be so, and that we may again see our former happy days of peace and quiet.

Your affectionate son,

S. B.

New-York, April, 1775.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I enclose you the last papers, by which you will see we daily expect the arrival of troops; although Major Shene asserts, this is contrary to the present intention of the ministry. Be that as it may, our congress, to be provided against the worst, have sent to request that general Worster, with about two thousand men he has under his command, will march into this province, and encamp upon Harlem commons. These preparations are alarming, and some time ago my mind was greatly agitated at the gloomy prospect; but at present I find it settled into that calm which I have ever found to be the consequence of inevitable necessity. I have fixed on the part I am determined to act, and, taking care at least to have virtuous intentions, shall leave the event to Providence.

Your affectionate son,

SL. of C.,

S. B.

BUT to return to events of a more domestic nature. Notwithstanding the reputation acquired by such early proofs of ability, Dr. Bard, as already stated, continued for many years to struggle with the “*res angusta domi.*” Upon his buoyant spirit, however, it produced but little impression; as by one of his letters of the date of 1773, we find him uniting in the formation of a literary club, which, like those of modern days, mixed up a little literature with a great deal of conviviality. Among its other members, were Dr. Cooper, the president of the college, Kempe, attorney-general, Bache, Jones, Middleton, and Sherbrooke; names once familiar in this city, though now fading from the remembrance of a younger generation. In the following year, he added to his existing duties, labours of a less doubtful character in delivering a public course of chemical lectures.* In this undertaking he reaped, as every man will at some time or other of his life, the benefits of early diligence. Of Dr. Cullen’s lectures he had made and preserved a faithful and minute abstract. These now afforded him, for his course, an ample and connected basis, which, in that comparatively crude state of the science, was no small assistance, and enlarged by reading, and illustrated by experiment, for which, even to the close of life, he retained an unusual fondness, rendered his lectures both novel and instructive. Though they probably constituted the completest chemical course which had been delivered on this side of

* It appears, by the college records, that his appointment to this lectureship took place as early as the year 1770, on Dr. Smith’s removal; but it seems doubtful whether it were, until this period, more than nominal.

the Atlantic, they still seem not to have met sufficient encouragement to induce their repetition after the second year. But without, in this matter, impeaching the scientific curiosity or patronage of our fellow-citizens, a sufficient reason for this neglect may be found in that hazardous course on which they themselves were then preparing to enter; and which absorbed all minor interests. The materials for that great and untried experiment of forcible resistance to the power of Great Britain, were then ripening and preparing; and men viewed its issue, not only with painful, but with fearful anticipations. In these Dr. Bard had his share, and judging from the result, we may now say, that his fears overbalanced the danger: but this perhaps, is an unfair criterion. When the storm is gone by, it is easy to point out the path of safety; but amid the lowerings of that political tempest, and the moral contention of opposing obligations which it aroused, it was no easy task to choose the course either of safety or of honour. Men, of minds equally pure, were divided, and the motives of love of country might, at that period, be as fairly claimed by those who sought to avert, as by those who laboured to bring on, a scene of civil discord, of which no wisdom could foresee the termination, and of which no patriotism, at that time, imagined that independence was to be the result. On such occasions, it is not easy to discern, as Bacon words it, "a busy nature from a willing mind." Nor is it fair, on this point, to impute to those who then sided with government, an opposition to that happy system of things which has since taken place; a system acknowledgedly not then aimed at, and

which the guiding providence of Heaven, it may be said, alone atchieved. The impossibility of these colonies long continuing under the dominion of Great-Britain, is now, and, we think, might then have been self-evident ; but to those even who perceived and acknowledged this, the particular time of that separation must ever have been a question of nice solution, and resting on points that touched neither their honour nor their patriotic attachment. These observations are premised, not so much from their bearing on the character of Dr. Bard, as due, in the opinion of the writer, to that of the many upright and honourable men who could not, on this occasion, at once shake off their reverence for the obligations under which they had been born, and educated, and prospered ; and as a debt of justice that should now be paid to their memory, when political rancour has been exchanged for those better feelings which the common interests of their common country have inspired. Of Dr. Bard, however, it must be acknowledged, that as his intimates were among men whose situations attached them to government, so his prepossessions rather inclined him in its favour. The native tenderness of his heart rendered him averse to all acts of violence ; so that, with Cicero, he was ready to exclaim, on the approach of domestic discord, “ *mihi pax omnis cum civibus, bello civili utilior videtur.*” Moreover, his debt of education, his many friends and long residence in Great Britain, had taught him that there was in it so much of learning and virtue, of science and wisdom, of all that adorns and dignifies humanity, and makes life desirable, that an unwillingness to regard them in the light of ene-

mies may be pardoned to him, on the score of good feeling, if not of sound judgment.

As the prospect darkened, Dr. Bard anxiously sought to fulfil his first of duties, that of securing the safety of his wife and children, by placing them at a distance from the scenes of violence with which the city was daily threatened. Hyde Park he naturally chose for their retreat, and towards the end of the year 1775, placed them there under his father's roof, he himself remaining in New-York until the great question of peace, or war, should be decided; many hopes being, even then, entertained of reconciliation, both from the ample powers of the royal commissioners, and the well known pacific disposition of at least one of their number.

During this period of their first painful separation, his letters to his wife were frequent. The following are selected, as giving a picture of peace and domestic affection, doubly pleasing from the turbulence of the times in which they were written. They are prefaced by an extract from an earlier letter, in a more cheerful tone. "I cannot tell you," he says, writing to his sister, "how sweet, and beautiful, and good, our children are; but if these commissioners will but make peace, you shall come and judge for yourself. In the meantime, think them all you wish them to be, and you will come near doing them justice. Let me hear from you," he adds, "a little oftener or I stop my hand; for I suffer no body to be much in my debt in the letter way, except my wife, whom I treat as some merchants do their debtors—trust them more, to induce them to pay a little."

New-York, Dec. 15, 1775.

Never fear, my dear wife, the time will come again, and is, perhaps, at no great distance, when we shall once more enjoy each other's society ; and look back, even upon our present losses and vexations, not only without regret, but with some degree of satisfaction, as serving, by comparison, to heighten our enjoyments, and teach us to make a just estimate of health, and home, and peace. Until these sad times we have had our share of domestic felicity ; but uninterrupted enjoyment sometimes renders us so unwise and ungrateful, that we overlook the greatest blessings, and forget the good things in our possession, in too anxious a solicitude at some trifling want. I believe this has not been remarkably the case with either of us ; yet I confess, I am not altogether guiltless. Painful separation has now taught me more wisdom ; and, for the future, I believe, with you, that, rich or poor, if we can but enjoy our home in peace, we shall be satisfied and happy. Nor shall it be long before we make the experiment ; for if the times do not soon accommodate themselves to us, we will to the times. For a few months to come, some good purposes, I think, may be answered by remaining as we are ; but whether in that time the state doctors settle the nation or no, I am determined to settle myself, nor longer sacrifice real and substantial happiness, which is within my reach, to future expectations, which perhaps, may never be realized.

Affectionately yours,

S. B.

New-York, July 22, 1776.

I thank God I enjoy my health, but I cannot say I enjoy any thing else. I am quite tired of this lonely life, and what is the worst of it, see but little probability of it soon mending; the town is at present little more than a garrison of New-England and New-Jersey troops, who are fortifying it on all sides, so that if any are sent here by government, it will certainly become a scene of blood and slaughter. May Heaven avert so great a calamity, and once more, in mercy, restore us to the blessings of peace.

Last evening I attended the remains of poor Mrs. H. to their peaceful mansion. She died not only with fortitude and resignation, but with gladness and joy. How effectually does such a death cheat of their sting all the calamities and misfortunes of life. There are few things we cannot bear with constancy of mind, when we have the consolation of reflecting that they will not last long. We have only, therefore, to extend our views to this termination, and prepare to meet it as she has done, and pain and sickness, with all the other evils of life, vanish before us. As to what lies beyond, after all the wrangling disputes with which the Christian world has been curst, here we must end at last, that he who most effectually cultivates the mild and benevolent affections, not only diffuses most happiness around him, and partakes of it himself in this world, but best fits his mind for the enjoyment of it hereafter. Courage, therefore, my dear Mary: we have nothing to do but to study and practise the means of the truest present enjoyment, to secure to

us future happiness, or at least to render death truly the physician of our ills, and a sovereign remedy for that portion of evil which we cannot avoid : and the more we reflect on this subject, the more we shall acquire that steadiness and constancy of mind, which, of all things, is most necessary to conduct us happily through life.

I have no news to tell you. People in general seem waiting in anxious suspense to know where Great Britain will strike her blow : some pretend to say, but it is all guess work. Our committees have stopped their hands, with regard to imprisonment. They find it will not forward the cause, as the converts they make in this way are not much to be depended upon. No one will be forced into the service ; so that, with regard to us, as individuals, poverty will probably be our greatest misfortune, and it will be hard, indeed, if, in mutual love and industry, we cannot find a remedy for that.

My little garden is in full luxuriance ; it looks really beautiful, but alone, I cannot enjoy it. Oh ! how I long for the time when we shall chase our little folks around the walks, and together cultivate and adorn it : But this is happiness, as yet, I must not expect. In the meantime, let me hear from you by every opportunity, and in that way, let us, as far as we can, lessen the pain of absence. Kiss my dear children for me ; it is impossible to tell you how often I think of them and you : make me amends by telling me you are not behind hand with me in that point.

Affectionately yours,

S. B.

New-York, April 4, 1776.

I will keep my promise, and thank you too, my dear Mary, if you will be always as punctual as you have this time been. You cannot conceive the pleasure I received in reading your long and affectionate letter, after having called three times for it before the post arrived. My impatience to hear from you, seldom allows me to wait until it comes in; and I am sure you will not again disappoint me as long as these unhappy times shall deprive me of the one only pleasure which exceeds hearing from you, that of being with you. Believe me, you do yourself injustice with regard to your talent for writing; your style and manner are perfectly agreeable, at least they are so to me, and I would not change one honest expression of love and affection, for the finest turned period in the world: and therefore the concluding paragraph of your last letter has more beauties to me than any sentence I ever read before: and I have received more pleasure from your description of my little fellow cutting his stick, than when I have heard Shakspeare's words from Garrick's mouth. Sweet little fellow! I see him this moment before me, and I hear my Susan's sweet tongue, and my heart overflows with tenderness whilst I view my Mary in the fondest attitude of a mother, with her little namesake in her arms. Thank Heaven, these are sources of happiness which depend not on fickle fortune; and, be we rich or poor, they will ever afford us, whilst we love one another, the most delightful sensations. Do not make yourself uneasy at not returning to your home so soon as you could wish, but let us wisely employ the present in a patient ac-

quiescence to what we cannot help. I purpose not to determine on any thing, until the arrival of the commissioners: the negociation with the congress will soon tell us whether we are to have a long war or a speedy reconciliation. I cannot positively say when I shall see you, but you may safely trust to my impatience for its being as soon as possible. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

S. B.

New-York, June 1, 1776.

MY DEAR MARY,

I returned last night from Long-Island, and was made happy in finding your letter of the 28th waiting my arrival; it was this expectation which consoled me during a long and tedious journey, and quickened my pace, as I drew near the end of it. But how different were my sensations from what I have formerly experienced, when returning home, after a week's absence. I was, indeed, impatient to arrive and hear from you; and when I did, found myself relieved from a weight of pain, and anxiety: but after this, instead of that lively joy and exquisite gratification, which few can feel, and none describe, all was blank and void: no cheering smile, no soothing caresses, no sweet prattle, to make me forget my fatigue, and almost wish another absence, for such another meeting. Instead of repining as formerly, at the business which calls me out, I now eagerly inquire what is to do, and in company, and employment, endeavour to conceal from myself my wants and my regrets. But what poor substitutes are these, and how little relief do they bring! In vain do I change the

scene, and wander about from object to object ; instead of gratification, I meet with a repetition of disappointment, and am but the more convinced there is no sufficient happiness for me, but what I can participate with you and my sweet little flock. But it will not do to indulge in such reflections, as we must, for the present, be separated ; and I am sure they do not enable me to bear absence the better.

I have been much pleased with my visit to M——'s ; you would be delighted with the country and neighbourhood. Every thing looks strong and substantial without, and within I saw evident marks of peace, mutual affection, and content ; which is saying, in three words, every thing this world can afford.

Yours affectionately,

S. B.

New-York, August 10, 1776.

It is now a full fortnight since I have had the greatest pleasure I can enjoy under my present circumstances,—that of hearing from you. Thursday next will, however, gratify me in this respect, and in one week after, I will clasp you to a heart which, in every pulsation, beats love and tenderness to you and my dear children. Who would be without the sensations of a husband and a parent, that does not prefer the insensibility of a clod to the feelings of a man ? The very pains and anxieties of these happy stations are accompanied with a certain consciousness of duty which softens them down, nay, which endears them to us ; and we would no more part with them, than a soldier would part with his honourable wounds, or the vir-

tuous man with those difficulties and struggles he must endure to maintain his integrity.

Yours affectionately,

S. B.

To these privations, and to the still greater ones which threatened him, Dr. Bard opposed a mind, weak, it may be said, through warm affections; but strong in native resolution, and fortified by the principles and consolations of religion.

Among his papers of this period was found the following short poetical effusion, suggested, apparently, by the breaking up of his little establishment, in the society and comforts of which he seems to have found all that his heart desired.

Oh happiness, thou fleeting, fluttering thing !
 No sooner caught than, lo, thou 'rt on the wing !
 Where, where, alas ! from mortals dost thou fly ?
 Or must we only hope to hold thee when we die ?
 Yes, 'tis that hope inspires our greatest bliss,
 Supports in sorrow, cheers us in distress ;
 Strengthens our souls to meet all ills below,
 By hopes of thee where joys eternal flow.
 Oh God ! direct my erring mind to things above,
 Teach me to place my bliss in faith, and hope, and love.

Finding all hopes of reconciliation vain, and the torch of discord already lighted, he abandoned the city previous to Sir William Howe taking possession of it, joined his family at Hyde Park, and after various removals, took up his residence in the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury, New-Jersey. Whether the place was selected with a

view to the experiment he there made, or only suggested it by the facilities it offered, is not known; but soon after his establishment, he attempted the manufacture of salt from sea-water, (an article then much wanted,) turning, with pliant ingenuity, the versatile powers of his mind to this new employment. From want of capital, or, perhaps, of experience, failure ensued in this proposed source of income, and he quickly found himself without the means of support, in a situation where his professional talents were so little needed, or so poorly rewarded, as to be insufficient for the maintenance of his now numerous family.

Under these circumstances, the imperious call of necessity, and the paramount obligation of providing for those whom Providence had made dependent on him, forced him to look to the little property he had accumulated in the city he had just abandoned, and which he heard, by report, was wasting in his absence. The military license also, which pervaded that part of Jersey, rendered it an insecure residence; and in the year following his removal, he returned to the exercise of his profession in the city of New-York. Obtaining a pass from the commanding officer, he came within the lines, in company with his friends, Mr. John Murray, of this city, and Andrew Elliot, Esq., uncle to the late Lord Minto.

His house he found, like most of those that had been deserted, in other and no friendly hands; and the exercise of his profession it was still more difficult to resume. The government viewed him with suspicion, and his former intimates with a prudent coldness. His father's residence within the American lines, and his brother's hold-

ing a commission in the continental army, seemed to justify this caution; while the moderation and candour of his character, which led him to perceive and acknowledge merit on which ever side engaged, were, in those days of hostile zeal, misconstrued, or unappreciated. Resting, however, on his conscious integrity and professional skill, he went on cheerfully without a single patient, until, as he himself informed the writer, 'he was reduced literally to his last guinea. In a melancholy mood, walking down the Broad-way, his mind filled with painful forebodings, a wife, two sisters, and five children, all dependent on exertions he had no opportunity to make, he was accosted by a former friend whom he had not before met; this was Mr. Matthews, then mayor of the city, whose well known loyalty and official standing setting him above all low suspicion, he not only addressed Dr. Bard with his accustomed cordiality, but immediately, on some slight pretext, requested his professional attendance at his house. On such a mind as Dr. Bard's, this language of kindness and honourable confidence made a deep impression, and he ever retained a grateful recollection of it. By the warm interference of the same gentleman, he was soon after saved from a military arrest, which would have redoubled all his former difficulties. His frequent letters to his American friends, had given colour to a malicious accusation preferred against him of maintaining a treasonable correspondence. The commandant was just issuing an order for his arrest, when Mr. Matthews entering, heard the name of Dr. Bard; he immediately interfered, claimed him as his family physician and friend, pledged himself for the falsehood of the charge, and calling on Dr. Bard,

gave him an opportunity to refute it. This was easily done by the exposure of the suspected correspondence, which was such as to leave no room for future suspicion, and to establish him, in the opinion of the most worthy, as a man of moderation and a high sense of honour. To suspicion now succeeded confidence ; his talents and professional skill rapidly extended his business, and wherever he found a patient, by his kindness and sympathy he made a friend. It may be allowed to one who has had experience of that watchful solicitude which characterized him at the sick bed, to say, that in this he was a model to his profession. His disregard of self, and anxious tenderness for his patient, originated a debt that could never be paid but in returns of gratitude ; and accounts for the fact of the permanent and grateful recollections that were entertained of his professional services twenty years after his retirement to the country.

While these qualities gained him business and friends, his scientific character gathered around him a literary circle, with whom, after the labours of the day, he generally passed the evening. The late Bishop Moore, his old friends, Mr. Kempe, attorney general, and Lindley Murray, the grammarian, and his new intimates, Dr. Nooth, Superintendants of the hospital, and Dr. Michaelis, the son of the learned commentator, were his most frequent and acceptable guests. With the first named gentleman the intimacy then formed, continued until death : with the others it was kept up long after their dispersion, by a correspondence both friendly and scientific.

Careless of literary reputation, Dr. Bard used his intimacy with eminent men for the simple purpose of present

instruction or entertainment: he not only employed no arts to extend it, but even neglected to preserve those records that would now have been a source of interest to others, and reputation to himself. Thus have perished, in his hands, the letters of Franklin, Hunter, Cullen, Monroe, and Nooth.

The return of peace between countries thus united in language and sentiment, Dr. Bard, in common with all good men, hailed with pleasure: to him, however, it was not without its anxieties, as the patriotism and honour of his conduct were again to undergo a scrutiny from heated, if not unfriendly judges. Notwithstanding the advice of many who urged his removal, he trusted again to the uprightness of his motives, and was not mistaken. His countrymen knew how to distinguish between moderation and indifference; and Washington, "the father of his country," by selecting him as his family physician, marked the opinion he entertained both of his character and medical skill.

On his domestic happiness, a new enemy now broke in: out of six children, four perished by a rapid and untimely fate; two were buried in the same grave: one, a child of so much loveliness and promise, as to have called forth, in the anxious mind of its mother, the usual apprehensions of an early death. The disease which thus desolated this happy family, was the scarlatina, in its most virulent form. Children, parents, nurses, and servants, were all seized with it; and the delirium which rapidly ensued, added to the horrors of an infection, which already restrained or disabled their friends from giving assistance. Two children were hardly snatched from the grave, and

recovered by slow degrees. As the mother's care ceased to be necessary, her health and spirits sunk under the greatness of her loss and her exertions ; and Dr. Bard was called to forget the feelings of the father in those of the husband. A deep melancholy settled upon her mind, which threatened almost the extinction of reason. Alive only to this great duty, he immediately gave up all attention to business, and for near a twelvemonth, devoted himself to her recovery with an assiduity and faithfulness which was fully repaid by success. The effect, however, of these painful scenes, seems to have long continued, as they permanently impressed upon her countenance a shade of thoughtfulness, which sometimes bordered upon melancholy, and greatly increased her natural fondness for quiet and retirement.

The following letters, written during this period of sickness, give some idea of the weight of affliction which was thus able to bear down a mind possessed of more than usual firmness.

New-York, Sept. 24, 1783.

How shall I tell you, my dear Sally, of our calamity, without wounding you too deeply ? In my last, I acquainted you with the indisposition of my dear children, which I then flattered myself would have ended in the recovery of all, except, perhaps, your poor little Sarah ; but the night before last has cruelly robbed us, not only of her, but of our most dear and amiable child, my soft-eyed Harriet. The scarlet fever finished what the measles had begun ; and to add to our distress, our dearest William, and Mary, still continue very weak and feeble. I trust, however,

that God, in his mercy, will spare them to us, and grant us that perfect submission and resignation to his will, without which we can never again be happy.

Under these afflicting circumstances, you may well suppose we want the aid and consolation of your tenderness and affection ; but I do not know how to ask it. The disease is a severe and infectious one ; it has almost gone through my family. I at present have it, though in a slight degree ; and my sister Susan has conveyed it from us to my father's ; and, although severely ill, is, I hope, in no danger of life : so that I fear to expose your constitution to it. As to Mrs. Barton, if she chuse to run the risk, it will be a great comfort to see her.

Your letter of Sunday gives a most delightful account of your uncle Anthony's blessed situation. I sincerely pray to God that our afflictions may work the same happy effect upon our minds. Tell him, if alive, that Polly thanks him for his affectionate remembrance, and sincerely joins him in his pious wish. Take care of your health, my dear girl ; and the moment I have a home to invite you to, I will no longer suffer a separation. God bless and comfort you.

Yours affectionately,

S. B.

October 7, 1783.

MY DEAR SALLY,

I am sorry our letter missed the stage, although it would have afforded you as little comfort as what I am now to write. Our distress is not yet at an end : I very much fear, that before its termination, an-

ther bitter draught will be added to our cup of affliction. Our dear little William, I thank God, though he mends very slowly, still, I flatter myself, grows rather better ; but our sweetest little prattle Mary is so ill, that I confess my apprehensions greatly exceed my hopes. Almighty God, who, I firmly believe, directs all these events, distressing as they are, to wise and benevolent purposes, will, I trust, grant us aid to support ourselves under them : particularly your poor afflicted sister, who, as yet, can admit of no consolation but from the hope of her dear child's recovery ; which comfort I can only say I sincerely pray she may obtain. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

S. B.

(*From Mrs. Barton.*)

New-York, October 12, 1783.

It is allotted to me, my dear Sally, to inform you that our sweet little Mary is out of her misery. She died on Friday morning at one o'clock. I had the melancholy office of closing her dear eyes. Your brother's behaviour on this occasion was truly Christian and exemplary ; surrounded with distresses of every kind, he never lost his fortitude and resignation of mind, but endeavoured to support and comfort your poor afflicted sister with every pious argument, and the most endearing behaviour. Indeed such multiplied and complicated calamities seem almost too much for mortals to bear ; time alone can erase such scenes from their remembrance. A few hours before our lovely Mary was interred, Mrs. Bard quitted that painful house, never to enter it again. Susan, William,

and myself, accompanied her to Mr. Elliott's, where we shall remain until they set off for New-London. Your brother has quite done with business, and means not to engage in any for the winter, to enable him to dedicate all his time and attention to his family: and I am convinced nothing will contribute more to restore your sister to her lost peace of mind, than his company and tender solicitude for her happiness.

Your affectionate aunt,

S. BARTON.

New-York, November 1.

MY DEAR SALLY,

Your kind aunt, Mrs. Barton, left us yesterday for Belleville; like Marseilles' good bishop, she has passed unhurt through all the dangers of anxiety, fatigue, and infection. We are greatly obliged to her for this visit, in which she has afforded us all the aid and consolation which could be derived from her cheerful and active disposition, inspired by the tenderest friendship.

Your last letter to your aunt is the first I have ventured to read to your afflicted sister since the commencement of our heavy misfortunes. We did not want proofs of your tenderness and attachment, nor should we have hesitated to make use of them, but from the dread of exposing you to a cruel disease which has proved itself so highly infectious and malignant. You know how deeply your dear sister is affected by such calamities as ours, even when they have fallen greatly short of our late heavy visitation. I will not, therefore, attempt to conceal from you the greatness of her sorrow, which is fully proportionate to

its afflicting source ; yet I am not without good hopes that, by a tender and assiduous endeavour, I shall be able to recall her mind from the dear objects of her melancholy to the interest and happiness of her family, and again to occupy her home with something like tranquillity and peace. At least she has promised me to make the attempt, and it shall be my chief care to keep up so good a resolution, and to second her endeavours. I mean therefore to spend this winter in recollecting myself, and consoling your sister ; and with this view have furnished myself with some excellent books for our retirement at New-London. As for you, let not our misfortunes, which I know sit heavy upon you, interrupt you in prosecuting the agreeable plan you had chalked out for yourself this winter ; but enter into it with as much cheerfulness as you can, that when we meet in the spring, we may all once more be capable of happiness. For myself, I am determined to be as happy as I can ; and, I thank God, I feel myself wonderfully supported, so much so, that I am frequently ready to accuse myself of insensibility, when I compare my feelings with my dear Mary's.

I can now give you the comfort of knowing that our dearest William is daily mending, since we have been at Mr. Elliott's : he yesterday rode to town on his sister's poney, whilst I walked with no unpleasing sensations by his side. Adieu.

Yours affectionately,

S. BARD.

New-York, Nov. 15.

Once more, my dear Sally, do we begin, I thank God, to look upon our dear children with the cheerfulness of hope, rather than with the gloom of despair. I dare not yet, however, pronounce them out of all danger; but I hope my fears, rather than their illness, is the source of my apprehensions, and that a few days more will entirely dissipate them. Your dear sister supports herself as well as I could expect; and I do not doubt but, in the calm quiet of our retreat this winter, both her mind and my own will regain their accustomed tranquillity: a very few weeks will carry me out of this city, God knows whether ever to return. Tell Dr. De Normandie, that I thank him for his friendly letter. I have consulted my friend, Dr. Nooth, upon a plan of travel and improvement for Dr. D.; he recommends Vienna as a place where the French, Latin, and German languages may be studied under great advantages. It is the second school of medicine in Europe: the inhabitants of the rank of merchants, bankers, &c. hospitable and kind to strangers; and living so cheap that all these advantages may be procured at the moderate expense of sixty or eighty pounds sterling a year.

Your aunt Barton will show you a pleasing proof of young Mitchell's sympathy.

S. BARD.

(From Mrs. Bard to Mrs. Barton.)

January 24.

I have received your affectionate letter, but how shall I answer it?—the subject that was once my delight, is now

my misery, and yet I can think and write on no other. O, my dear aunt, I know I have your pity and prayers too, and what can you or any one else do more for me! but my peace of mind is, I fear, gone for ever in this world. I am continually looking and longing for dear objects that I must never see again. I need not tell you of my dear husband's goodness in every thing; but he is particularly kind in indulging me, to the utmost of my wishes, in my retired manner of living. I have seen no one out of my own family but Mrs. Foxcraft and Lady Mary. In the day I walk out with him, when the weather will permit; and our evenings are spent without interruption, in serious and devotional reading.

This is the way, my dear aunt, I would wish to spend the remainder of my stay here, which, if I dare, I would pray might not be long. God give me patience to await his good time.

Your affectionate niece,

MARY BARD.

The pleasing proof of sympathy above alluded to, was a monody upon the death of the children, by Dr. Samuel Mitchell, then a student in Dr. Bard's office; the concluding lines of which convey a just and feeling picture of the father's resignation :

He only dropped the tear o'er children dead,
Which frail humanity is forced to shed ;
Assured henceforth they rest in heaven, and share
What far exceeds an earthly father's care.
Through faith resign'd, he met the fatal blow,
And kissed the rod that laid his children low.

The following short prayer, from among his papers, may be brought in confirmation of the above, as evincing that he drew his consolation from the living fountain of religion, "the most invigorating sentiment," he was used to say, "of the human heart."

"O, Father of mercies, and God of all comfort, our only help in time of need, and sure refuge against all adversity; sanctify, we beseech thee, these our calamities and sorrows, with which thou hast been pleased to visit us, to our improvement in virtue and true religion. May they bring us to a sincere repentance for all the errors of our past lives; may they strengthen our hope in thy mercies, and our faith in thy promises: and so teach us to number our days, that we may seriously apply our hearts to that holy and heavenly wisdom, which not only brings with it peace and comfort in this mortal life; but leads to everlasting joy in that which is to come."

The ensuing winter was spent by Dr. Bard, as he had purposed, in restoring calmness to the mind of his wife, by all the means which anxious affection could prompt; and with such success as enabled him to return, in the summer of 1784, to his professional duties in the city of New-York, leaving her at the house of her uncle, Dr. De Normandie, in Burlington, New-Jersey. Of the intercourse which lightened this second separation, the following letters remain.

New-York, April 20.

MY DEAR MARY,

I thank you for being so attentive as to relieve my anxiety on your account, by your letter of

Saturday. I beg you will not fail to write me by every conveyance, for I find that nothing but frequent letters will keep me contented and easy. I have already had some painful dreams ; and although free from all superstition in this respect, yet I confess, that when you and my dear children are the subject of them, my philosophy is not always proof against the painful impressions they will leave behind. Remember that you have all my happiness in charge ; take care of yourself, then, for my sake, and of our children, for both our sakes : give yourself up to the guidance of your friends, and yield to their kind solicitude for your happiness. Be willing to be made happy, and leave the rest to us ; and I have no doubt but that even joy and gladness, (those strangers to our dwelling,) will again brighten our days.

For this time farewell, and may that good Being in whom I trust, and who, I firmly believe, has directed all these sorrows for our ultimate good, preserve and comfort you.

Yours affectionately,

S. B.

Burlington, June 5, 1784.

MY DEAREST MR. B.

I have just received your letter : what shall I say to you ; or rather, what shall I do for you to make you as happy as I wish you ? If the tenderest affection and warmest gratitude for all your kindness to me were sufficient, you would need nothing more : but I am sensible that alone will not do, and I will promise you to endeavour to do still more ; for you deserve every thing from me, and shall not find me ungrateful.

I agree with you, that Heaven, for wise purposes, has afflicted us. I think I begin to feel already the good effect of our late distresses, and that I am taught by them more submission and content. But then I feel a pleasure I cannot express at every approach, even of a single day, that I make nearer my last home ; not so much, I hope, because I cannot bear the evils of this life, as for the hope I have of happiness in the next. Among other thoughts that delight me in this, is the prospect it gives me of meeting again what was so dear to me here, and of our being all united, never more to be separated. Do not think this the effect of gloom ; in the end, it must produce cheerfulness. To approach every day nearer to what we wish, rather than what we fear, must be a source of comfort. You have indeed done every thing for me that mortal can do, and I have no doubt, with the blessing of God, that we shall yet see together not only tranquil, but happy days. Take care of your health, which is dearer to me than my own ; you have my first and last prayers for the continuance of it, and every other blessing. I have nothing more to say, except that I will love and pray for you as long as I live.

Yours affectionately,

MARY BARD.

New-York, June 12, 1784.

In imitation of your good example, my dear Polly, I sit down to write to you the evening before the stage goes, that I may not again give pain to you, to whom I always wish to give pleasure and content. Be satisfied, that I am never so happy as when thus employed, and that I never miss an opportunity without suffering more from it than

you can do. Once more, then, take courage, and be not ready to surmise ill, when so many and probable reasons may happen to disappoint us. Heaven, for wise, and, no doubt, merciful ends, has inflicted on us real calamities ; let us not add to their weight by groundless apprehension ; but, by a willing, and, if possible, a cheerful submission to its dispensations, a uniform and steady obedience to its commands, endeavour to render it propitious for the future. We have great blessings still left us ; let us not cast them from us, nor, by discontent, which is, in truth, ingratitude, render the mercies of our Maker of no effect. But you confess to me your spirits are better than they were : I most humbly thank God for it, and sincerely pray that he will aid your endeavours to recover that peace and tranquillity so necessary to my happiness, and that of our dear children, that without it, neither they nor I can expect again to see good days ; and with it, I had almost said, we can never see bad ones.

For myself, I never was in better health. My business is fully equal to the maintenance of my family, but not enough to deprive me of the full enjoyment of your society if you were with me ; so that no wonder if I impatiently long for it. That God will bless you, and restore you to me in health and safety, is my constant prayer. Kiss our dear children for me, and love them and me well enough to endeavour to be happy for our sakes, and I am content.

Yours affectionately,

S. B.

New-York, July 7, 1784.

If you knew, my dear Polly, the happy effects your letters have upon me, you would not curtail them. Believe me, they not only raise my spirits, but seem also to improve my judgment. My head is clear, and my heart easy, when I have lately been told that you and my dear children are well and happy: but when disappointed of hearing, I am timid, apprehensive, and impatient; so that until I receive my letter, I can do nothing well, unless it be to watch the stage. Have pity on me, therefore, and as long as you are absent from me be still as good as you have been, and never let me suffer the pain of disappointment.

I am glad to hear my little boy wants so many clothes; it is a proof he is not idle, but makes good use of his time. Kiss the dear fellow for me, and ask him what plaything I shall bring him when I come. Tell my dear Sue that I hear very good accounts of her industry, and desire of improvement. Nothing can give me more pleasure; for my great ambition centres in her and her brother becoming amiable, respectable, and useful in life. I have not the least doubt of your affection; yet I love to be repeatedly assured of it: and among all the proofs you have given me of it, I have one still to ask of you, and that is, to take care of yourself, and strive to be happy.

Yours affectionately,

S. B.

New-York, July 17, 1784.

Solomon was a fool when he estimated the worth of a good wife by such a bauble as a ruby ; I say she is more valuable than meat, drink, or clothing : and corn, wine, and oil, are of less efficacy to make glad the heart of man, than her smiles. Your affectionate letter, my dearest wife, has fully proved this to me, and in one moment chased away all the demons of anxiety which have infested me for this fortnight past. It told me that all my treasure was in safety, and proved that you love me with a solicitude, in which, (although it may now and then occasion you uneasiness,) I will own I triumph and rejoice. But oh ! how much does the consciousness that I possess such blessings, add to my fears of losing them ! All happiness, I find, makes cowards of us, and we grow apprehensive in proportion as we are happy ; at least this I find to be my case ; and in spite of my reason, and your constant attention, my imagination will frequently paint the hidden dangers by which, in one moment, all my bright prospects might be darkened.

If it do not rain, I am to have a large company to take coffee with me this afternoon ; so that you see I strive to divert my chagrin as well as I can : but it will not all do ; they are very clever folks, to be sure, but they are not my wife and children, without whom nothing has any charms for me.

Yours affectionately,

S. B.

New-York, August 10.

MY DEAR POLLY,

On Tuesday evening, at farthest, I shall enjoy the pleasure of seeing and embracing you: you shall not again be disappointed; but let whatsoever business offer, I will make of it a sacrifice and free-will offering to love and friendship. Your letters have given me infinite pleasure, and made up almost my sole enjoyment in my solitude; for although in a crowd all day, without you and my children, I am alone. I flatter myself too, that I discover marks of returning tranquillity, which is the only foundation upon which I can build my hopes of happiness. Go on, therefore, my best and dearest friend, and by securing it to yourself, give happiness to us all. I promise you, on your return, by way of welcome, a neat house, and good cheer; willing servants, cheerful friends, and a happy husband, whose heart is full of love and tenderness.

Yours affectionately,

S. B.

Of his religious feelings on the restoration of his wife's health, the following prayer, found among his papers, seems to be the expression; it is however, without date.

“ Oh God, whose chastisements are mercies, and whose severest dispensations are sent in loving kindness, sanctify, we beseech thee, the illness with which thou hast been pleased to afflict my dear wife, to her and my improvement in true religion and all virtue. We acknowledge thy justice, we confess our manifold sins and wickedness,

and with hearts truly penitent, we implore thy forgiveness. And now that thou hast been graciously pleased to turn our mourning into gladness, accept, O Lord, our grateful acknowledgments of this, and all those great and singular blessings with which thou hast crowned our lives : it is our unfeigned purpose to devote that portion of time thou shalt still permit us to enjoy, to thee, and to the good and happiness of our family, friends, and neighbours : in which resolution, we earnestly pray for the assistance of thy Holy Spirit, without which we can do nothing that is good and acceptable unto thee. Grant these our prayers, O Lord, for the sake of our Saviour Jesus Christ, in whose name, and through whose merits only, we presume to make our supplication unto thee. Amen."

To the memory of Dr. De Normandie, spoken of in the foregoing pages, a passing tribute is due. He was uncle, by marriage, to Dr. Bard ; and highly esteemed by him as a man of great natural acuteness and professional skill.—A Swiss emigrant, he was the representative of the ancient and honourable family of the same name at Geneva, who, from the time of their ancestor, the friend and patron of Calvin, had continued to enjoy the highest dignities in that small, but venerable republic. Among the family records submitted to the author of the present memoir, he found an interesting correspondence maintained by the grandfather of this gentleman with the first king of Prussia, touching the claim of that monarch to the neighbouring canton of Neufchatel, on the failure of its native line of princes, and throwing some additional light on the grasping policy of the newly royalized house of Brandenburg.

At the period of Mrs. Bard's residence with her uncle, he had just returned from a visit to the seat of his ancestors. Among the many interesting records of this visit, the family still retain a miniature likeness of the philosopher of Ferney, presented to him by Voltaire himself, who appears to have taken a lively interest in the prospects of America, and even talked of returning with Dr. De Normandie, as he said, "to lay his bones in it," an expression, observes the letter-writer "peculiarly expressive, as he does not appear to have an ounce of flesh on them."

"The Journal of his Travels" he prepared for publication, together with a "History of the Origin and Progress of the Political Dissentions in Geneva." They still, however, remain in manuscript. Upon the retirement of Dr. Bard to Hyde Park, Dr. De Normandie soon joined him, drawn by that attractive influence which was sufficient, in the course of a few years, to gather around that spot every descendant and near connexion of the family.

After a few years, of both bodily and mental imbecility, he died A. D. 1803.

About this period, Dr. John Bard had deeply involved himself by imprudent speculations in mining and iron-works. On this occasion, he addressed to his son a letter, of which the following is the commencement.

Belvale, New-Jersey.

MY DEAR SON,

It was my intention, when I had the pleasure of your company here, to have communicated to you a particular statement of my affairs; but the time we

were together was so wholly taken up in a temporary felicity, as left no room for this graver task. What I then omitted, I shall now supply. I view my affairs, so far as they are encumbered with debt, with great anxiety and pain ; and, old as I am, being blessed with a happy constitution, I find myself still disposed to exert myself in the most efficient manner to free my estate from this encumbrance : which, if I could do, I should, I think, leave the world with composure and ease.”

The appeal was not in vain—his son had not forgotten his early debt of education, and immediately applied the whole of his accumulations, amounting at that time to five thousand guineas, to his father’s relief ; preferring this application of it to the more tempting speculations then opened to capitalists by the sale of confiscated estates. He accordingly relieved his father from his load of debt, and, by his persuasions, induced him to return to the exercise of his profession in New-York, in which he continued until the year 1797 ; when his son’s projected removal determined his own : and he retired, for the last time, to close a long and chequered, but cheerful life, in the shades of his early retirement.

DR. BARD’S character having been displayed in the light of a son and husband, it remains but to show that the duties of a parent were fulfilled by him with equal tenderness and judgment. Out of ten children, but two had been spared to him ; to these a third was afterward added, not

only the child, but the companion and solace of his old age : and to their education he now devoted most of the leisure which busy days and broken nights afforded him.

During the first absence of his eldest daughter from home, when about fourteen years of age, on a visit to the early friends of her family at Philadelphia and Burlington, her father found time, from arduous and almost unremitting duties, to maintain with her a frequent correspondence. The following letters exhibit a pleasing picture of the animated tenderness of his manner.

New-York, June 25, 1784.

I cannot deny myself, my dear Sue, the pleasure of acquainting you with the terms in which your Mamma speaks of you in her last letter. "She is a charming, industrious girl, &c." These are her expressions, which, I doubt not, will give you as much joy as they do me. I have no fear of making you vain, by letting you know you have merited and obtained your mother's approbation ; but, on the contrary, am convinced, that I shall only add a spur to your industry, that you may continue to deserve it. Indeed, the approbation of the good, and the esteem and affection of our friends, are the only human prizes worth contending for ; and as I do not doubt but that you think so, I choose to give you the greatest pleasure a good and virtuous mind can enjoy ; which is to know that you have succeeded, where you are the most anxious to do so. Go on, my sweet girl, in your virtuous and commendable endeavours ; continue to gain your dear mother's approbation, and I will ensure you that of the rest of the world ; for you are so happy as to have, in her, a parent who is as

quick sighted to your faults as to your merits ; and who loves you too well to command you when you do not deserve it ; and too justly, to suffer you to go without your reward, when you do. That, my dear child, you may deserve it, and that God may add his blessing to that of your parents, is the daily prayer of

Your affectionate father,

S. B.

New-York, July 8.

I am very sorry to find you are troubled, my dear child, with an inflammation of your eye ; a blister may be necessary, and then balls and parties must be entirely given up. So much self-denial you have not been accustomed to, and I hope it will not now be necessary—yet, I trust, you will be able to practise it whenever it is so. Indulged as you have been, I have still flattered myself that I have discovered in you so much good sense and fortitude, that you will, on all occasions, be able to bend your will and inclination to the dictates of reason and prudence. You are now past childish years ; and remember, it is no longer what you wish, but what is right and fit, that must influence your conduct ; nor will you have any chance of continued happiness, until, by constant habit, you have so accustomed yourself, on all proper occasions, to submit your inclinations, that it is not only easy, but pleasant so to do. The consciousness of doing right, is the great sweetner of human life : it lessens our sorrows, heightens our joys, and banishes from the bosom those most uneasy companions, regret and repentance.

Since your agreeable letter from Philadelphia, I have received one from Dr. Franklin, wherein he speaks very handsomely of you, and regrets he had not more of your company. If you go to town before you return, call again upon him.

Adieu, my dear girl; practise the lessons of wisdom, virtue, and prudence, to the establishment of your own happiness, and you will do all I ask of you to promote mine.

Affectionately yours,

S. B.

New-York, July 21.

Your Mamma, my dear girl, has desired me to answer your letter, which I undertake with the greater pleasure, as I can, at the same time, do what is most agreeable to me, give just and deserved praise to my child,—cultivate such sentiments,—they are a rock upon which you may safely build your happiness. A steady mind, prepared for all events, which neither grows giddy in prosperity, nor despondent in adversity, not only supports itself, but is a pillar against which all its connexions lean; and by which the weaker are supported. Though this character is generally expected from man, it is an equal ornament to women; and to do them justice, frequently possessed by them in at least as great a degree. The courage of women is not, indeed, often displayed in great and hazardous enterprizes, but in what is harder, a patient endurance of pain and adversity: I have frequently had occasion to admire their constancy. Look up to your

aunt Campbell, aunt Barton, and Miss Polly T. ; with what a cheerful resignation do the two first bear an adverse fortune ! with what an independent spirit does Mrs. Barton exert herself ! and what steady friendship and noble disinterestedness does the last display in her attachment to your aunt ! Such, my child, are the virtues I wish you to acquire ; and these are the examples I wish you to imitate. Above all things, avoid the weak and false notion that these things are inconsistent with the delicacy and softness of the female character ; true courage and genuine sensibility most frequently accompany each other. The one is afraid of nothing but doing wrong ; the other shrinks from nothing that is right or benevolent.

Your affectionate father,

S. B.

New-York, August 25.

I am always happy, my dear Sue, in reading your letters, but was made particularly so by your last ; which enclosed me those from my dear little boy, whom I longed to hear from. I am pretty well pleased with the account you give me of your studies ; but should have liked it better, had you been able to have included in it some valuable history, from which poetry would have been a delightful relaxation. You do well to begin with Homer, the father of poetry, whose imagination has so exhausted nature, as to leave his successors little more to do than to borrow or copy from him. When you return home, you will never want suitable books, as we have been very successful in storing our Society Library with near two thousand volumes.

In your playing and singing I shall be very glad to discover some improvement. Among the productions complimentary to the President, I wish you would select the most delicate and best set, and make yourself mistress of it: as he is my patron as well as patient, I should choose to hear you sing his praises; and more particularly as his virtue and merit set flattery at defiance. Tell Dr. De Normandie that the President's complaint continues to amend, so that I have not the least doubt of effecting a perfect, and, I hope, a speedy cure. It will give you pleasure to be told that nothing can exceed the kindness and attention I receive from him.

I am very glad to hear that you are an early riser: persist in it: turn the practice into a habit, and you will reap from it a thousand advantages. It is almost a useless tautology to tell you how tenderly I love you.

Your affectionate father,

S. B.

The allusion in this letter to the illness of General Washington, recalls to mind some circumstances related by Dr. Bard of that event. It was a case of anthrax, so malignant as for several days to threaten mortification. During this period, Dr. Bard never quitted him. On one occasion, being left alone with him, General Washington looking steadfastly in his face, desired his candid opinion as to the probable termination of the disease, adding, with that placid firmness which marked his address, "Do not flatter me with vain hopes; I am not afraid to die, and, therefore, can bear the worst." Dr. Bard's answer, though it expressed hope, acknowledged his appre-

sions. The president replied, "whether to-night, or twenty years hence, makes no difference; I know that I am in the hands of a good Providence."

Dr. Bard, sen. was then called in consultation, at the suggestion of General Washington, and by the blessing of that "good Providence" in which he trusted, his life was preserved to his country, at a period when it never more needed the counsels of his calm prospective wisdom. The result of this illness was an intimacy with his patient, which Dr. Bard justly felt proud of. It continued unbroken until the removal of the seat of government to Philadelphia, an event which he much lamented, for many and obvious reasons. From that period, I believe, they never met: General Washington's sudden death preventing a visit which Dr. Bard, upon his retirement from practice, was preparing to make him.

But to return to the correspondence with his daughter.

New-York, September 5.

On Saturday, at farthest, my dear girl, I shall see you, and have the greatest pleasure a parent can have—that of embracing a child he loves and approves. Your letters, during your absence, have given me real pleasure, because they have manifested an affectionate and docile temper, desirous to give pleasure, and anxious to improve: and, if I am not misinformed by partial friends, your general conduct has been such as to gain the love and esteem of your friends and acquaintance. Judge, my dear child, from the pleasure my approbation, I doubt not, gives you, of the pleasure I feel in having it in my power to bestow it: and I flatter myself I need call up no other

motive than this to stimulate your exertions in every laudable pursuit. The love of virtue, and an honest ambition, have alone been sufficient to impel men to achievements more than human ; but when to these we add the greatest of all delights, that of making those happy whom we most dearly love, as there is no joy so great, so there is no difficulty we cannot surmount to obtain it. I have great pleasure, my sweet girl, in the affectionate assurances you give me of your constant inclination to gratify me, and not one shadow of doubt of your sincerity. This makes me confident of your success in any attempt within the compass of your ability ; for there are few things can resist steady perseverance, prompted by such a desire.

Your affectionate father,

S. B.

(TO MRS. BARD.)

New-York, September 8.

By a slip of paper I inserted into my letter to Dr. De Normandie, on Thursday, I acquainted you, my dear Polly, of the death of my dear mother. That evening we attended her remains to the grave, and deposited them in their silent and peaceful mansion. An event so long expected, and so manifestly for her relief, was not lamented by us with excessive sorrow. Even my father and sisters have borne this final separation with minds rather softened by tenderness and affection, than depressed by sorrow or regret ; and I have the satisfaction to see them more tranquil and composed than they have been for a long time past.

I am sorry my dear Susan has been absent on this occasion ; she must learn to bear the death of her friends, and to meet her own ; and she can never have, on this important subject, a more instructive, or a less painful lesson. You will not, however, suffer it to pass without improvement to her ; and I flatter myself she begins to think and reason too justly not to make very suitable and profitable reflections.

Yours affectionately,

S. B.

Kind and judicious praise, as these letters indicate, was the medium by which Dr. Bard operated on the minds of his children ; and seldom did a father succeed better in awaking a warm and generous enthusiasm to deserve it. In all their early performances they were sure to receive, in his animated commendation, a sufficient recompense for their exertions ; and the applause which at first arose from parental fondness, became an excitement to what might be truly deserving of it.

“ The earliest recollection,” says his younger daughter, “ which I have of my beloved father, is associated with the affectionate caress and animated praise he bestowed upon me, when, placed upon his knee, I repeated to him Thomson’s *Lavinia*, which I had committed to memory during one of his short absences from home : it left a very strong impression upon my mind.”

Such was the parental discipline by which he guided the tender minds of his children. As they grew older, he became their companion and friend ; leading them to unre-served communication of their actions and sentiments ;

counselling them in the language of affection, and resting all his influence on the attachment, and almost veneration, which his solicitude for their happiness excited.

But with all this fondness he united perfect candour and plain dealing. This gained their confidence, and ripened, as they grew up, into the most reposing friendship : a bond which advancing years, and commerce with the world, instead of weakening, strengthened, by enabling them better to estimate the value of such a friend and adviser.

Between his professional avocations and such private duties was Dr. Bard's time divided. But amidst them all he still found leisure for scientific pursuits; the notice of which will be suitably prefaced by a few facts relative to the institution with which they were connected ; an institution whose history, and, perhaps, merits, are not as well known as they deserve to be.

King's College, during the revolutionary contest, possessed neither students nor teachers : its President had fled, its Professors were scattered, its library dispersed, and its buildings converted first into a barrack, and, subsequently, into a hospital for the soldiery. Upon the evacuation of the city by the British troops, its governors, anxious to wipe out the remembrance of this desecration, proceeded immediately* to reorganize it under new teachers, and, even-

* This renewal of study was effected somewhat in haste, in order to secure students resident within the state, whom the war had debarred from academical instruction, and who were now looking for it to other sources. Among these was the honourable Dewitt Clinton; who, as he informed the writer, was on his way, with several others, to Princeton, when these new arrangements induced them to alter their destination.

The Professor first appointed, and on whom, for some time, the whole duty of instruction rested, was William Cochran, D. D. late President of Windsor College, Nova-Scotia. To this situation he retired in 1789,

tually, under a new and more popular appellation. By a law of the new republic, in May, 1784, the powers of its Trustees became merged in the higher title of "Regents of the University," to whom were entrusted the superintendence and control of all literary incorporations within the state. This consolidation, however, being soon found inexpedient, in April, 1787, upon confirming the royal charter, and altering its style, the legislature restored its independent Board of Trustees, of which Dr. Bard was, by the bill, appointed a member.

In supplying the vacant professorships, such was the paucity of scientific men in the country, that no experienced teacher of natural philosophy could be found. In this difficulty, with the confidence inspired by his prompt and varied knowledge, they solicited Dr. Bard to undertake, for a time, the duties of that situation. To these solicitations he assented, and for two years laboured in it assiduously.

A pupil of Ferguson's, he well knew how such a course ought to be conducted; and, in his manuscript introductory lecture, which lies before me, he has sketched out both a history of the science, and an outline of his proposed course, which would do no discredit to his celebrated instructor.

How far he carried his extended plans into practice, is not known: on one important point, his zeal went, per-

succeeded in his department of the languages, in Columbia College, by, perhaps, a more critical, though not more accomplished scholar, the venerable Peter Wilson, LL. D. Dr. Cochran was warmly attached to Dr. Bard; in his recent visit to New-York, after an absence of forty years, he said, with tears, that when he received, upon the road, the news of his friend's death, it seemed as if half the motive was lost which prompted his journey.

haps, beyond his means of performance ; for when he proposed to bring every thing to the test of experiment, he was ignorant, or forgetful, of the scanty philosophical apparatus* which the college then possessed ; and which long continued to be a drawback to the completeness of its physical course.

Conscious, however, how much he himself had to acquire ; or startled, it would seem, by his own picture of the arduous task which he had assumed, "to teach its principles soundly, to mark its improvement faithfully, and to enumerate its discoveries accurately," he concludes in these words : "I feel the weight, and enter, with unfeigned apprehension and anxiety, upon my duty ; trusting all to zeal and industry on my part, and to patient and diligent attention, on that of my pupils."

With an imagination that often seduced him into theory, Dr. Bard had the clearest perception that all sound philosophy was laid in experiment ; and enters upon this discourse with a just and discriminating comparison between the principles of Aristotle and Lord Bacon ; or rather, between the powers of the syllogistic, and experimental logic.

Though the appointment was but a provisional one, Dr. Bard did not, therefore, relax his exertions. He was peculiarly fond of the studies to which it led him ; especially physical astronomy and mechanics : and his written lectures which remain, evince industry of research, if

* It is due to the college to state, not only that this deficiency is now supplied by the addition of much new and valuable apparatus ; but also, that double value is given to it, by the recent separation of the physical, from the mathematical chair.

not originality. In the year 1786, he resigned this situation, in favour of the late Dr. John Kempe, of Aberdeen; who, for twenty-six years, continued to fill it with great ability.

The political contest once settled, Dr. Bard looked forward, with an enthusiasm which events have justified, to the rapid rise of this our western empire; and, in common with all patriotic citizens, laboured for its promotion. With this view we find him, in the year 1785, together with his friend Chancellor Livingston, and some other men of science, endeavouring to form an association on the plan of the Royal Society of London; “which may serve,” to use the language of his address, “to transplant into this new and rising empire the discoveries and improvements of Europe; and moreover, by freedom of inquiry, and collision of opinion, to strike out new lights to the advancement of sound knowledge.”

Of this fair scheme, (which in an address endorsed as read before them in February 1785, he states to have sprung from the love of science and spirit of patriotism, and to which he fondly predicts “a strong and vigorous manhood,”) not a trace now remains. It was, in truth, a premature attempt to engraft on a new, the institutions of an old country; and to turn to the advancement of national prosperity, that which cannot exist but as the fruits of it,—learned and wealthy leisure. It is, however, to be lamented, that the association was not continued; it would have served as a nucleus, at least, about which to gather the slow, but progressive, accumulations of national science, and given unity and strength to those scientific efforts which now are weak from diffusion. The number of

such associations, in this country, is one of our greatest errors ; it cools the embers of science by dispersing them, and multiplies the danger which awaits them all, of being turned aside from their rightful ends into competition for place and honour.

The intimacy with the late Chancellor Livingston, which began in boyhood, was thus ripened into friendship by that which, perhaps, most strongly confirms it,—union in honourable, but unsuccessful schemes. Similar tastes, and, eventually, similar pursuits, added to the pleasure of their intercourse ; which continued uninterrupted, until that event which puts a close to all human friendships.

An early and intimate one was now severed in the death of John Tabor Kempe, so often already mentioned ; who, at the peace of 1783, had removed with his family to London ; there to experience, in common with other refugees, the painfulness of protracted expectations, and to wear out life in waiting the slow returns of unsuccessful services.

St. Margarets, May 20, 1793.

MY DEAR SIR,

After receiving such an affectionate and friendly letter from one I have never ceased to love and esteem, I cannot bear to appear ungrateful, as I have hitherto done, for that attention, the value of which I am more sensible of than capable of expressing. At present, it is the will of Heaven to make me feel the heavy affliction it has laid upon me much more than I did at first ; and while this load of adversity is upon my mind, I cannot attempt to say more than that I thank you most sincerely

for that comfort and consolation I have already received from the kind sympathy of so valued and true a friend, and for the greater benefit I hope, in future, to derive from letters prompted by your solicitude for the happiness of this distressed family. To God alone I feel I must look for support under the difficulties of my peculiar affliction. I see his mighty hand in these dispensations, but have not yet attained that real submission and resignation of mind that is necessary to preserve me from error.

I feel a wish to say a great deal more to you, but find both time and spirits fail me. When I can acquire a proper composure I will, if possible, write again, though it is an employment I have long given up.

Your much obliged friend,

J. KEMPE.

AS this memoir is intended chiefly as a domestic portraiture of Dr. Bard, some further particulars may be admitted of his family arrangements.

For some years after his marriage, the strict economy required by a narrow income, and a dependent and increasing family, forbade much society ; but as his reputation and means increased, his house gradually became the resort of the literary and scientific. His simple suppers united the freedom of domestic intercourse with the attractions of refined conversation. To strangers of merit they were ever open, and often the means of their introduction. As one of them gratefully expresses it, his house

supplied to them not only “the pleasures of society, but the solace of a home.” Whatever were the duties of the day, Dr. Bard generally reserved to himself the leisure of the evening, which he spent with an animation and zest peculiar to himself. The greatest professional fatigue seldom depressed his spirits; he would shake it off by a hasty sleep of a few minutes, and rouse himself up into a freshness and vigour that surprised those who had witnessed his previous exhaustion.

During the occupation of the city by foreign troops, this social circle was peculiarly animated. Minds cast in such different moulds as the institutions of England, Germany, and America, gave a spirit to discussion which is apt to flag when confined to old friends and neighbours. The unassuming, but learned Dr. Nooth, was an especial favourite. The mildness of his manners, and the unlimited confidence reposed in his modest assertions, were powerfully contrasted by the impetuosity, and consequent suspicion, of German enthusiasm, as exhibited in the gay, but equally learned Michaelis. Nooth had been a varied traveller—a companion of Brydone in his celebrated, though fabulous, ascent of *Ætna*, and an accurate observer of men and manners. This made him, without display, an agreeable and instructive companion. Michaelis was lively, energetic, and visionary; the boldness of his opinions on all points, and his errors on some of importance, furnished constant subject for discussion, in which the guests joined according to their peculiar trait of character: and Dr. Bard, with that happy mixture of calmness of manner and warmth of sentiment, which speaks

alike to the understanding and the feelings. The return of peace, which restored so many friendships, still divided some. With these friends Dr. Bard then parted, and never again met. The British government, with a confidence in Dr. N. he well deserved, reappointed him to the same station in the province of Lower Canada; while Michaelis returned to his native Hesse, to end his days Professor at Marpurg, to evince his professional learning in a treatise "de Opio in Siphili," and his friendship for Dr. Bard by a well merited encomium

Temperance, exercise, and early rising, had, strengthened a weakly constitution, and enabled Dr. Bard to go through a daily course of extraordinary professional labour. His broken rest was made up by the hasty snatches of it he obtained in the intervals of business; a cheerful mind made labour sit light upon him: and a happy home, with the pleasures of the evening, was a recompence for all the toils of the day. It may be justly said of him, that his mind invigorated his body; what he wanted in nerve, was made up in resolution: and his full and zealous devotion to the business of the moment, not only supported him at the time, but seems to have saved him from the usual effects of continued exertion.

One of his early students thus speaks of a winter residence in his family. "He rose at the earliest hour; at five o'clock he was superintending the studies of his son and myself, and engaged in preparing his public lectures: from breakfast till night, I saw no more of him, except in the streets, on professional business; there, indeed, himself, his phæton, and servant, were to be seen at most hours both of the day and night."

Among the interesting strangers, who, after the war, experienced the hospitality, and enlivened the society of his house, was the celebrated Dr. Moyes, the blind physician and lecturer; a man, who, though wanting one of the prime inlets of knowledge, and, according to Addison, the only one of the pleasures of the imagination, was yet, like his friend and countryman, Blacklock, remarkable for scientific learning, a cultivated imagination, and a refined and delicate taste. Landing unexpectedly at New-York, without friends or introduction, Dr. Bard's early and warm-hearted patronage introduced him at once to a circle of friends capable of appreciating and rewarding merit. His recollection of these favours was strong and lasting; and, judging from his letters, long survived his return to his native country: a voyage which too often operates on his countrymen like the fabled waters of Lethe.

Into his literary gratifications Dr. Bard carried all the ardour of his character; he seized upon every new publication of merit with the avidity of a famished appetite: and during its perusal was both deaf and blind to all causes of interruption. This intentness, or rather, absorption of mind, was so great in his latter years, as sometimes to be made the subject of good humoured experiment; of which he seemed to be equally unaware, with every thing else that passed around him. Whether the work were one of taste, or science, made little difference: while his universal and wakeful curiosity made him alive to the acquisition of knowledge on every subject, to his lively fancy, and warm feelings, a well written poem, or novel, afforded the highest treat.

Of this, an instance has been mentioned to me by one of his auditors, in the reading of the “Vicar of Wakefield :” on looking into a copy, when it first came out, he reserved it for evening reading to his family. Commencing it at rather a late hour, his high relish of it would not permit him to lay it down until he had finished it ; and his hearers not choosing to retire, he closed the volume as the morning sun was rising.

In reading Shakspeare, he not only delighted, but excelled : and though in this his enthusiasm might sometimes “o'erstep the modesty of nature,” yet it always pleased, by his vigorous conception, and forcible expression of character. A lively moral sensibility enabled him to mark, with nice precision, the ever varying shades of feeling which render that dramatist peculiarly the poet of nature : and his graceful action was in just and harmonious accordance with the sentiment expressed.

With a warmth of imagination, which, in his old age, perhaps encroached on the province of reflection, in his better days Dr. Bard united a coolness of judgment, and calmness of manner, which, as a disputant, left him few equals. Losing this self-possession, he was eloquent, when roused in conversation, rather than convincing. He was vigorous in his attack, but left himself open to many reprisals. On questions, however, of a moral and religious nature, where the arguments flow rather from the heart than the head, he ever continued both powerful and persuasive : not, indeed, in the nice distinctions of schoolmen, but in the energetic enforcement of broad and leading truths. He had here that peculiar tone of eloquence, which arises from full-hearted sincerity,—a language that

can neither be misunderstood nor counterfeited: and which never can be otherwise than persuasive and commanding.

Of personal courage he had a great share; but rather mental than constitutional. It did not arise from forgetfulness of danger, so much as from disregard to it. His mind was intent upon the duty to be performed, and weighed not the risk that attended it. Of this, a proof occurred during the revolutionary war, in which a fire burst out contiguous to a powder magazine in his neighbourhood. Upon the sudden alarm, his first thought and motion was to retreat with his family to a place of safety; but, immediately checking himself with the recollection that the dreaded explosion might yet be averted, he committed his wife and children to the care of a friend, forced his way through the retreating crowd to the scene of danger, was among the first who ventured to the spot, and by whose exertions the fire was extinguished without accident.

As another instance may be mentioned his conduct in the popular tumult, commonly called the doctor's mob, excited, in the year 1783, against the physicians of the city, from suspicion of their robbing the grave-yards. In this riot, which for two days set at defiance both the civil and military force of the city, Dr. Bard exhibited a calm and dignified composure, which seemed to awe even the wild passions of the populace. Conscious of his innocence of the alleged charge, he resisted the most urgent solicitations of his friends to flee or conceal himself; but, as the infuriated mob approached his house, ordered the doors and windows to be thrown wide open, and paced

his hall in full view of them, as they drew near. His calmness, or his character, saved him: they approached with horrible imprecations; gazed a while in silence, and then passed on, with acclamations of his innocence.

That this composure was the triumph of mind over body, may be presumed from the anxiety and sensibility he evinced, when the safety or sufferings of others were in question. This unfitted him, as has been already stated, for the duties of a surgeon. The first operation he performed, he went through with a steady hand; but fainted when he had bound up the wound: and, in a second, he operated successfully, but, it may be presumed, tremulously, since the expectation of it had made him pass the night in pacing his chamber.

As a physician, this acute sensibility, so far from an impediment, was, in no small measure, the ground both of his popularity and success. It sometimes depressed his feelings, but never dispirited his exertions. It gave the warmth of friendship to professional formalities, inspired the patient with confidence in his care; and thus giving relief to the mind, paved the way for that of the body. To the friends of the sick, his manners, or rather, his character, was peculiarly comforting,—to the skill of a physician, he added the interest of a relative. They were satisfied that every thing was done his art could do; that neither coldness, nor selfishness, nor the pursuits of pleasure, or ambition, withheld him from any personal exertion. His look, and language, and actions, all spoke the deep interest he took in the result; and showed a heart not then set on reputation or profit, but filled with sympa-

thy for human suffering, and alive in all its energies to devise means for its relief. The comparison Dr. Bard once made use of, in a case of violent disease, will illustrate this excitement. "I feel," said he, "as if I had a giant by the throat, I must fight for life."

Nor is it easy to set limits to the powers of the healing art, when thus wielded by a sound mind, under the influence of strong excitement. By it, the powers of the intellect, like those of the body, are doubled; learning, ingenuity, and skill, combine their strength; and by such hands will, at least, be done, what the medical art can do. Life and health are in other and higher hands; but such hands will, at least, best manage those second causes on which they are, or seem to be dependent.

Of the success of medical practice, it is not easy to speak; but there is no doubt that this powerful union of heart and head often produced wonderful recoveries: and the universal attachment of his patients certainly evinced no common degree of reliance on his professional skill.

Of the principles on which he practised, it belongs to medical men to speak: thus much, however, was apparent, he trusted more to the cautious experience of an observing mind, than to theoretic principles. He drew a wide and just distinction between generalizing facts, and theorizing upon them. To make experience valuable it must be digested into comprehensive views: while to turn it into theory, to reason upon that theory abstractly, and to apply it universally, he considered to be the bane of medical science, and the prevailing error of modern practice.

“An impatient desire,” he observes, in one of his addresses, “to combine facts, and to draw general conclusions, is one of the greatest impediments to the growth of a wise experience. It is the error of ingenious men, and, therefore, should be specially guarded against by the young; who, in the warmth of their imagination, and pursuit of knowledge, are too ready to adopt such plausible theories as promise to shorten their labour, and advance their views; to remove all their doubts and difficulties, and enable them to give a reason for every thing. Be cautious, therefore, how you admit new names, new theories, and new remedies. New names are always deceiving; new theories are mostly false or useless; and new remedies for a time are dangerous. This rage for novelty, pervades our profession, especially in this country. Hence our extended catalogue of new fevers, and hasty adoption of new remedies; hence the unlimited, and unwarranted application of mercury without weight, brandy without measure, and the lancet without discrimination; and hence, I am afraid, I may say, the sacrifice of many lives which might have been preserved, had they been left to water gruel, and good nursing.”

In doubtful cases, he was content to prescribe rather for the symptom than the disease: and trusting much to the sanative force of all organized life, that *εργεία ζωής* of the older physicians, he was content to consider himself nature’s interpreter, and ministering servant; following, not guiding her; and finding his chief employment in removing the obstructions which impeded her wise course to returning health.

Such a principle is not, indeed, calculated to add importance to the art, or vanity to those who practise it; but, it is something in its favour, that age and scientific experience, generally arrive at it.

Still, however, he was far from undervaluing the improvements of modern medical science; which, in one of his discourses, he states, as consisting in its “greater knowledge of the animal economy, the powers of a more effectual pharmacy, and the rules of a more enlightened practice, which prescribes with a view to definite and intermediate results.”

It may be a question that some would wish answered, what course was adopted by a physician who studied to make his profession subservient to religion, in communicating or withholding his knowledge of a patient’s danger? On this delicate point he thus speaks in one of those anniversary discourses, from which I quote the more freely as they are not likely to come before the public:

“There is in the human mind a principle of acquiescence in the dispensations of Divine Providence, which, when treated with prudence, seldom fails to reconcile the most timid to their situation. Such information I have generally found rather to calm perturbation of mind, than to increase danger, or hasten the event of the disease. Whenever, therefore, the duties of piety, or even the temporal interests of friends have demanded it, I have never hesitated making, and seldom, or never, repented such communication.”

AS a relaxation from business, Dr. Bard peculiarly prized the enjoyment of his garden and conservatory, which were stored with the choicest native and exotic plants.

The pleasure he took in them was almost a peculiar sense: nor was it to him, as he asserted, without its moral uses. He has often told the writer, that nothing calmed and soothed his mind like a walk among his plants and flowers; and that he used it as a specific against the petty cares and anxieties of life.

With extensive practice came the means of independence; and, had he chosen it, of wealth. In his progress to the first he was thrown back by an unexpected loss.

Having accumulated, by his own industry abroad, and the strict economy of his wife at home, the sum of fifteen hundred guineas; he entrusted it to Dr. De Normandie's care, on his sailing for Europe, to be invested in the British funds. While enjoying the novel pleasure of this little "peculium," and anticipating the comforts it would afford them, an English letter arrived, which he opened and read in the presence of his wife; observing him to change countenance, she anxiously inquired its contents.* "We are ruined," said he, "that is all." "If that be all," rejoined his calmer companion, "never mind the loss, we will soon make it up again."

Such a spirit was contagious; Dr. Bard took courage from the example of his wife, and returned to the task with

* The money being deposited by Dr. De Normandie, until the investment could be made, in the hands of Mark Cramer, a banker of reputed wealth; he failed before it was withdrawn, to a great amount, so that it became, to Dr. Bard, a total loss.

cheerful resolution. The necessities of his father three times absorbed all his means, and involved him in debt: but the same resolute and prudent management as often freed him; and eventually secured for their declining age, that happy medium of wealth, which the wise have ever preferred, as affording the greatest enjoyments, with the fewest cares; and which so fully answered all their desires, that they retired to the quiet of the country, at a time when the extent of his practice, and the rising charges of the profession, would have doubled his fortune in the space of a very few years.

Of Dr. Bard's time and services, most of the literary and benevolent institutions of the city had a share. To the hospital, he continued devotedly attached. Of the city dispensary, he was one of the founders and physicians; of the Agricultural Society of the state, an original and active member. His exertions contributed to the foundation of the first public library; and, in short, his heart and hand were with every scheme of benevolence and public improvement.

In the year 1791, the Trustees of Columbia College, with the co-operation of the Medical Society, re-organized the department of medicine which the war of the revolution had broken up; and with peculiar suitableness, placed at its head, as Dean of the faculty, the founder and only survivor of the original school. With this station no professorship was connected; the great object of the appointment being to establish an official organ of communication between the faculty of medicine, and the Board of Trustees, to whom they were accountable. Dr. Bard was thus in the double capacity of member of the

one, and presiding officer of the other,—a wise provision, as excluding those facilities to intrigue, which arise from varied and imperfect communication. With such duties, those of a Professor would have been obviously inconsistent; but anxious to contribute his personal exertions to the advancement of medical education, Dr. B. turned to this point his privilege as physician to the hospital, by giving to the students in the wards of that institution a course of clinical lectures.

The union of skill and feeling which marked Dr. Bard at the bedside of a patient, rendered him peculiarly suited for this department, which is valuable, as teaching not merely the learning, but the manners of the physician. His kindness, his patience, his minute inquiries, and cheering words of consolation, addressed even to the poorest and meanest, had the value of moral, as well as medical instruction; and served to lead the minds of his students beyond the forms, into the substance and spirit of their duty, to what may be termed the “final cause” of their profession, relief to suffering humanity; teaching them to lay the basis of their practice in a conscientious sense of the responsibility of life and health, which rested upon them. “Avoid,” he used to say, “that affectation of quick discernment and hurried practice, which generally marks the ignorant and ostentatious, hurrying from patient to patient, without once reflecting on the mischief and misery they may occasion; and that life thus trifled away will one day be required at their hands.”

The period was now approaching in which Dr. Bard thought that, consistently with duty and prudence, he might retire to the bosom of his family, and the enjoy-

ment of those quiet pleasures to which he had always been attached. He thought, too, that some pause of reflection should intervene between the business of life and its close: and he resolved to carry into effect a plan, which most wise men propose, but few execute,—that of retiring voluntarily from the bustle of life, “conviva satur.”

To this plan, when made known, many objections were started and warmly urged. To the calculations of interest, he replied that he had enough: to the predictions of after repentance, he was content to answer, that he was not afraid to try; but against the solicitations of friendship, he found it difficult to maintain his resolution.

The family physician in whose skill and sympathy such numbers had placed confidence, and received relief; in whose judgment they had found counsel, and in whose society pleasure; to whose purity of principle and conduct, to whose just and noble sentiments, they could so fearlessly entrust the influence that connexion gives over the younger members of their families: such a physician could not easily be given up, and many and strong ties were severed in taking up his final resolution.

The moral and religious view Dr. Bard took of his profession gave him a strong hold on the affections of his patients. In one of his sketches of the good physician, which, as he observes of that of Hippocrates, “may be regarded as the picture of his own good heart, and sound understanding,” he says, “the physician who confines his attention to the body, knows not the extent of his art: if he know not how to soothe the irritation of an enfeebled mind, to calm the fretfulness of impatience, to rouse the

courage of the timid, and even to quiet the compunctions of an over tender-conscience, he will very much confine the efficacy of his prescriptions; and this he cannot do without he gain the confidence, esteem, and even the love, of his patients."

His father's removal, and his daughter's settlement at Hyde Park, at length decided him, and in the spring of the year 1798, he removed to his well known seat, within a short distance of his father's residence.

During a temporary visit he made the year previous, in which his only son accompanied him, a sudden and violent illness reduced both his son and grandson to the brink of the grave: the following letter communicates to his sister his wife's arrival at this scene of anxiety, and conveys a striking picture of the repose inspired by love and confidence in that nearest of connexions.

Hyde Park, Tuesday noon.

MY DEAR SALLY,

I write to you in better spirits than on Saturday; and beyond all comparison, better than I felt on Sunday, when I absolutely despaired of our dear David's recovery, and felt very serious apprehensions for William. Oppressed, fatigued, and almost worn out with anxiety and watching, my spirits sunk to the very lowest ebb by your letter, which gave us no hopes of seeing your sister by the boat. I conjectured, however, the cause of the disappointment, and entertained a faint hope that that would happen which afterward did, to my great joy; and on Sunday evening, Richard returned from Poughkeepsie with the glad tidings that my dearest and best friend

would be with me in half an hour. I can hardly describe my sensations at seeing her ; for although I still despaired of our dear little fellow's recovery, and still felt great apprehensions for my dear son, yet her presence raised my spirits, and revived my courage ; and I felt a thousand times better able to support with her the worst that could happen, than even to take my chance without her.

We now again look forward with hope : God Almighty confirm these happy presages, and teach us both to revere his dispensations, and be grateful for his mercies !

With sincere affection, &c.

S. B.

The following letter is without date, but appears written about this time, from Dr. Bard to his wife.

New-York, Sunday morning, 1797.

I yesterday was sent for to Long-Island, to visit Mrs. H. by my father who was attending upon her, where I heard, my dear Mary, more compliments than I deserve, paid me by my dear parent, during a severe fright he had just suffered on my account. While anxiously looking towards the river, expecting me across, the family were of a sudden alarmed by the cries of some people on the opposite island, who stood wringing their hands, and pointing to a boat overset, and driving down with the tide, with one man on its bottom. Two boats set out to his assistance ; one with much difficulty took him in. The boat was concluded to be the ferry-boat, in which I was expected to pass. Mrs. H. thought she heard my name mentioned, and while they were attempting to take the person off the bot-

tom of the boat, they distinctly heard the people say, “he is gone!” You may conceive my poor father’s distress; the family described it to me in terms which greatly affected me: he trembled, his countenance became pale and ghastly; and his expressions of sorrow threw the whole family into tears. He declared I was all, and every thing to him; that he had lost his all; and thus continued to bewail himself and me, until the return of the boat informed them that it was a pleasure boat from the city, and all saved. These affectionate tears, I confess, I am proud of. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

S. B.

To watch over the declining age of a father who so tenderly loved him, was a consolation not long spared to Dr. Bard. His father survived their united removal to the country but two years; and then suddenly sunk, full of days, but free from the infirmities of age; retaining, to the very last, that indescribable charm of manners and conversation which attached to him both young and old, and enlivened every society with a continued flow of cheerful and unaffected good humour. As song, anecdote, or apt quotations, suggested themselves to his memory, they were poured forth by him without ostentation or exertion, and never failed to please by their ease and variety.

These two years, though quickly passed, were long and gratefully remembered by his son. Upon his father’s character he loved to expatiate; while the firm health, the cheerful mind, and the many blessings which cheered

the close of his life, were a subject to him of frequent thankfulness.

The afternoon which preceded his fatal attack, was passed by the father at his son's house. He came, as usual, attended by his servant, (bearing before him two bottles of water from his own favourite spring, with which he contended, with an old man's partiality, none other could compare,) occupied, as he was wont, his high backed elbow-chair, and was more than usual the delight and admiration of the family circle. As he sat looking at the brilliancy of the setting sun, the glories of creation seemed to remind him of his own sources of happiness ; and he suddenly exclaimed, "I think I am the happiest old man living."

Of the two following letters, the first contains the painful reverse of this picture, (at least to mortal eyes,) which the next morning exhibited : and the second, his character, after that painful scene was over, drawn by a skilful, though, perhaps, partial pen.

Hyde Park.

I write to you, my dear friends, from the sick chamber of our revered parent, who is in a situation which fills us with the greatest apprehensions for his life. On Friday morning (having parted from us the night before in remarkably good health and spirits,) his servant found that on awaking he spoke incoherently ; he, however, attempted to rise, but returned to bed before he left the chamber. On arriving, I found him with symptoms that indicated an approaching palsy, his ideas incoherent, and his articulation very bad ; so that, at his age, I dare not encourage either

myself or you with any hopes of his recovery. Our consolation is that he suffers no pain, lying, for the most part, in a sweet sleep, except when we arouse him to administer a little nourishment ; and farther, that no one circumstance is wanting which can either alleviate uneasiness, or add, in the smallest degree, to his comfort ; and that his enjoyment of life, to the last moment, was such as to be the continued theme of his discourse, and of gratitude to Almighty God.

Yours affectionately,

S. B.

Hyde Park.

MY DEAR SON,

Since the death of your dear and venerable grandfather, such a crowd of business has pressed upon me, as almost to prevent me from reflecting upon my loss ; certainly, to lessen my sense of the bereavement we have sustained. Indeed his death was attended by circumstances which afford the most effectual consolation ; and such a life as his, terminated by such an exit, must be our best wish for ourselves and our friends. And when I reflect on his unblemished honour, unbounded philanthropy, and unexampled cheerfulness, his unsubdued fortitude, which never sunk under the pressure of the severest misfortunes, his persevering industry, which never quitted him to the last, his steady friendships, his tender attachment to every branch of his family, and his exalted piety, which continually called forth a flow of gratitude for his good fortune, forgetting every circumstance of ill, I glory

in him as a parent, and recommend him to you, as a most worthy example for your imitation.

Your affectionate father,

S. B.

But to return to circumstances connected with Dr. Bard's removal from the city. For some time previous to that event, an intimacy had subsisted between him and Dr. David Hosack; and as soon as his removal was decided upon, he took him into partnership, partly with a view to his own relief, at a period of much exertion, but principally, that he might introduce to his large circle of patients, one to whose medical skill he was content to transfer their safety.

Under this agreement he was enabled to pay frequent visits to his new establishment, where he was engaged in extensive building; and at length, in the spring of the year 1798, to bid adieu to the city. This farewell, however, was neither a final, nor a long one. The fearful epidemic, which had before desolated our city, again, in that year, made its appearance, and Dr. Bard resolved not to abandon his post when about to become one of anxiety and danger. An extract from a letter, upon this subject, addressed to his wife, evinces the "love, strong unto death," which united them.

"I begin," says he, "to grow very impatient, my dear Mary, to hear from you. Drop me a line by the post, to assure me of your health; of which I cannot bear the least uncertainty. As to myself, depend upon it, I will not deceive you; and, in case of necessity, shall call for

my friend, my nurse, and comforter, without whose aid I can neither bear sorrow nor sickness; and who, I know, would not forgive me, was I to rob her of her share of either, to which I must necessarily be exposed.

For this call her anxious affection did not wait; but as soon as the existence of the fever was ascertained, and his stay determined upon, she instantly joined him to share together a risk which then seemed almost desperate. His fearless exposure of himself, wherever benevolence called him, during that season of flight and alarm, was the means of rescuing many poor deserted wretches from death, and still oftener, of bestowing upon them some comfort and consolation when relief was hopeless. But the aid he so liberally gave others he soon needed himself, being seized with the prevailing fever, in which his long tried companion was to him all that his warm pen had described her; "a friend, a nurse, and comforter." His life was spared to her affection, and prayers; and with her he returned to his longing family, who, during his absence, and especially his sickness, had been a prey to the agonizing fears which their own apprehensions, or the hasty reports of others, excited. Among those whose society or counsel cheered and supported the family during this anxious separation, was the Rev. Thomas Hill, (then with his wife on a visit to Hyde Park,) a devoted follower of the visionary Swedenburg; but one whose amiable and lovely character excited in all who knew him a more than common interest.

The following letter has, perhaps, no other claim to insertion than the remembrance of the many virtues of the writer, and regret at his untimely fate.

Hyde Park, Sept. 1, 1798.

DEAR SIR,

Give me leave to unite my acknowledgments with those of Mrs. Hill, for the great kindness you have done us, in recommending our visit to your friendly mansion, where we have tasted exquisitely of the pleasures of benevolence and hospitality. We cannot say how much we feel obliged to you, for had we pursued a different route, it would have deprived us of a satisfaction we know not how to estimate.

Allow us to express our share of concern at the disappointment of the complete happiness your family had a right to expect from your presence with them. It only furnishes a new evidence that our felicity is not to be complete in this stage of existence. We have experienced too much kindness from Mrs. Bard to be able to part from her without much regret ; at the same time, we cannot but admire the generosity and fortitude of that determination which has called for her departure.

Our fervent prayers will be offered up for the preservation of your health and happiness. May you be made a powerful instrument in the hands of infinite goodness, to assuage the calamity that afflicts your city, and to administer health and consolation to the afflicted ; and may you hereafter reap plentifully the reward of benevolence and usefulness.

We remain, &c.

W. & E. HILL.

From this period, during the remainder of his life, Dr. Bard made the country his permanent residence ; diversified, however, by occasional visits to his friends in town. In many of these he supplied the absence of his friend and former partner from the city ; returning with professional fondness to the toils and excitement of an extensive practice.

The attractions of retirement from a busy life, are proverbially illusive ; and, perhaps no nicer test can be found of mental vigour than the ability to bear the change from necessary to voluntary occupation. Few men could stand this test so well as Dr. Bard ; the untired curiosity of his mind found a new and boundless range in the objects and employments of the country. His poetic enjoyment of the beauties of nature,—his taste in planning, and fondness for effecting improvements,—his love of experiments, and skill in directing them,—his desire of knowledge of whatever kind, and eagerness in acquiring it,—his early and active habits, and, above all, the enthusiasm which stimulated and supported him in all his undertakings, set him above the power of indolence, that “master vice,” as Burke terms it, of our nature, and secured to him, to the very last week of life, all his energy, activity, and cheerfulness.

How far it answered his expectations on the score of happiness, those who remember him need not be informed. His happy and animated looks would have proclaimed it without the frequent and thankful expression which often broke from him, both in letters and conversation. On this, as most other topics, Dr. Bard’s sentiments seemed to overflow ; they came without labour

or study, from a full heart and a feeling mind ; and formed, no doubt, one of the chief charms of his society.

It would not seem easy to crowd into life more sources of enjoyment than filled the twenty three years of retirement which adorned and dignified, as well as terminated, his life. All the descendants of his father were by degrees drawn around him ; his own children successively settled in life, and gathered into the circle ; his grandchildren grew up upon his knees, and as he looked around upon the health, and prosperity, and promise with which he was surrounded, he looked, and felt, and spoke, like a patriarch of a better age. But this is anticipating the picture of a later period. At the time of his retirement, his son was just completing his legal studies in the city, and his younger daughter was his pupil and companion at home.

To illustrate the care with which he watched over and guided the formation of his son's character, it may not be amiss to give some extracts from letters addressed to him about this time.

Hyde Park, 1799.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

I am very happy you express yourself pleased with your new studies ; and at the ardour with which you enter upon them. You possess very peculiar advantages in the affectionate attention, as well as in the talents of Mr. P., of which, I doubt not, you will make the most, and return them by every mark of respect and regard to his interests. Amidst all your studies, however, remember to give a proper portion of your time to

exercise and polite company; the one is necessary to health, the other to cheerfulness. The manner in which you say your day is spent, is certainly good for profit, for pleasure, and instruction; and, I hope, not injurious to health: to prevent it being so, I would advise you to walk frequently, to stand upright when you study, as long sitting in a bent posture is always injurious to the digestive organs; and now and then to ride an hour before dinner, which prevents accumulations of bile. Nothing grows upon a man so much as the habits of a sedentary life; at the same time nothing is so pernicious. I beg, my dear boy, that for all our sakes, you will pay due attention to this important advice. I have been practising the lessons received from F., in reading Shakspeare aloud;—at every new perusal I discover new beauties. Study him;—to one destined to speak in public, there must be great advantage in a familiar acquaintance with his beautiful and expressive language. Adieu. Remember us affectionately to all friends, and continue to devote your days to business. Your evenings I leave at your own disposal, so long as prudence and virtue are your companions.

Your affectionate father,

S. B.

Hyde Park, February 1, 1800.

Your letter, my dear William, we have received, and with great pleasure have accompanied you on your journey to Philadelphia, and in your visits and amusements there. One observation, however, gave us pain, lest you should have been wanting in respect to some of your New-York friends. You tell me, that although you had been

two days in Philadelphia, you had not delivered one third of your letters. You should remember, that to delay the delivery of a letter of introduction for several days until the person to whom it is addressed, has heard of you, and perhaps, seen you, is not only a very awkward circumstance to you, but a great slight both to him and the writer. A great deal of this kind of business can be done in a single morning ; but enough of this.—I expect with some impatience your next letter, and beg you will be equally particular, as to yourself, in that and all during your stay in Philadelphia ; they afford us much more pleasure than if written on any other topic.

Do not engage much of your time in the company of young men ; such companions seldom afford much instruction : and into gentlemen's society I wish you not to go on this occasion, but with a view to some improvement.

By this time you must have become a settled man, and can distribute your day with some regularity. Nothing, not even balls and late hours, I expect to interrupt your practice of early rising. I know, from experience, it is not necessary they should ; and if once you permit them to do so, other causes will claim the same privilege, and soon rob you of this most valuable portion of your time. It is certainly possible to unite pleasure and business ; and this is the only condition upon which I will consent to your being a man of pleasure, even on this occasion. I expect, therefore, an account of your studies, as well as your amusements.—Once a week a long and particular letter ; get the largest paper, and write close.

Yours, &c.

S. B.

Hyde Park, Monday, Feb. 17, 1800.

Your letter of the 8th, my dear William, was very welcome to us; it assisted to relieve a melancholy depression which for some days has hung upon our spirits, owing to the sudden death of our old and faithful servant Richard. His complaint, which from the first was attended with symptoms that alarmed me, (though I apprehended rather a tedious illness than a sudden death,) had not apparently much increased until within a very few days. On Wednesday afternoon he appeared to suffer more than ordinary pain, and by nine o'clock at night, when, as usual, I went down stairs to pay him my last visit, I found his extremities cold, and his pulse so feeble, that although sitting up, I was convinced he would not outlive the night. Your mother and I staid with him until three o'clock in the morning, when he expired. The scene was a solemn one, and together with some expressions of tenderness and gratitude which fell from him almost in his last moments, have left a deep impression.

I see you have fallen into the fault I apprehended, and delayed to a very late day the delivery of some of your letters of introduction. If Mr. S. should happen to discover it, it would not increase the warmth of his politeness: I hope you have, in no instance, made it worse by mentioning, as an apology, "the great number of letters you brought."

If you had made an appointment with Dr. W. to attend his lecture, I think all the charming Miss C.'s in the world should not have detained you from it. Remember, through

life, that every man, and more particularly a literary man, thinks what he is engaged in of great importance, and although it may happen you do not feel much interested in it, it is both prudent and polite to appear to be so. Besides, it is a good rule never to break an appointment: that is a sufficient excuse to leave any company. We are well pleased, especially your mother, to hear you are so happy in Mrs. Coxe's family: her style of life is very congenial to our own, and unites to pleasure that temperance which is necessary to give it its highest relish. The more you are pleased with such pleasures and such society, the better we shall be pleased with you. In your next, give some account of your studies, as well as your amusements. A young man should never be without some good author on his table to take up when he is alone, and he should contrive to be alone some hours every day, on purpose to take it up. Adieu.

Your affectionate father,

S. B.

Hyde Park, Tuesday, Feb. 25.

Your letter of the 15th, my dear boy, found us in better spirits than the last; our tranquillity is in a great measure restored, and we shall, I hope, enjoy the delightful season which is approaching, with all the pleasure it usually brings to those who have health, and a taste for the beauties of nature. I have cut out for myself a great deal of pleasant work, and am in excellent health and disposition to undertake it. We hear, with pleasure, of the agreeable manner in which you spend your time. Study, relieved

by exercise, and enlivened by improving society, is the proper occupation for a young man who wishes to qualify himself to appear well on the stage of life.

You have acted perfectly right in accepting Dr. R.'s invitation, and taking no notice of his omission of punctuation: nothing could justify you in doing so, but the conviction of its being intended; then it must always be returned in kind: but when polite attention, in other respects, manifests a real friendliness, it should always outweigh such trifling omissions: to notice them would manifest a little or a captious mind; and, besides, would be most imprudent in a young man, whose business is to make friends, not enemies.

Employ more of your time in private visits; you will learn more of character in one family visit, than at a dozen entertainments, where you see all under the mask of false merriment.

Your affectionate father,

S. B.

Hyde Park, Feb. 9, 1801.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

I very much commend your resolution to take the advice of your uncle in all matters of politics, or indeed, any other point of conduct in which you entertain the least doubt of your own judgment, which, however, I do not doubt, will be, in general, no bad guide, provided you have resolution enough to follow steadily the dictates of your own unbiassed opinion. Be open, my dear boy, to conviction; but never suffer yourself to be

led in opposition to your own judgment, unless in the case of friends whose age and experience qualify, and whose relationship authorizes them, to give you advice. I have the fullest confidence in your prudence, and should be sorry if you did not feel some emotion of patriotism on the present occasion. But do not suffer your zeal to carry you into precipitate engagements ; and remember, that on both sides of the question, especially among the warmest and most noisy partisans, faction has a greater share in their conduct than patriotism. Be therefore distinguished rather for your moderation than your zeal, and as you cannot as yet lead, scorn to be led.

It is the interest of all parties to pursue the public good ; a change of men will not, therefore, always change measures for the worse ; so that the best thing that can happen, in a government like ours, where parties have arrived nearly at a balance, is a change of men, by which the mass of the people may be convinced, that the virtue and merits of the one party do not so far outweigh those of the other as to be worth all this sacrifice of their quiet to the interests of either. Such sentiments, I know, will never recommend you to their good opinion, or establish you in office ; but I hold independence to be better than both.

But do I recommend such sentiments to you ? I confess I do in so far as to inspire you with moderation in your political attachments, and candour in opposition. Never become the hanger on of a party, nor suffer yourself to be carried beyond the bounds of sober judgment, when measures are the subject of dispute ; nor of candour and

moderation, when men are,—but on all occasions endeavour to think for yourself, and support a perfect independence, both in your conduct and opinions.

Your affectionate father,

S. B.

Hyde Park, May 20, 1798.

MY DEAR BOY,

The late unhappy occurrence between two of my friends, has filled me with grief and apprehension. In the fate of Mr. J., I lament the untimely death of an inoffensive and worthy man; and I sincerely sympathize with the survivor; whose feelings, on this occasion, are probably such as to make him envy the fate of his antagonist. How tyrannical is that custom which can impose such cruel necessities on us; and how unbecoming a wise and brave man to yield to its dictates! Whatever may be our feelings on such occasions, the sacrifice of our cool and unprejudiced judgment can never be justified, and, at best, admits but of the weak excuse, that our passions were too strong for our reason and sense of duty. I know the answer to these arguments, and would acknowledge its force, were it put in our choice, or within the limits of our duty, to live, or not, as we might choose. But, when we reflect, on the contrary, that it is absolutely our duty to live, under any circumstances and trials to which it shall please God to subject us, and that there can be no valid excuse whatever, but self-defence, for depriving another of his life; this, and every other argument in defence of duelling, must fall to the ground. Nor will a wise and brave

man, who is conscious that his decision springs from a sense of duty, and the clear and unprejudiced dictate of reason, find the unmerited censure of the thoughtless or prejudiced part of mankind so insupportable a burthen; but, in the approbation of his own conscience, and of the wise and virtuous, ever find a support that will abundantly console him for all they may say, and in his own courage a resource for all they may attempt against him.

But these general reflections, my dear son, are not the only lesson I am desirous it should teach you. Look into the origin and conduct of it, and learn how to avoid the danger. * * * * *

After all, party politics were at the bottom of this fatal business. Let it, therefore, serve as a convincing and perpetual lesson to you on that subject, that an intemperate zeal is a very foolish and dangerous guide. I confess I do not believe there is so much virtue on either side of the question, as justly to call forth any violent warmth from an independent and unambitious man; and I wish to see you assume this character. Love your country as much as you please; fight for her; die for her, if necessary: but never suffer yourself to be led by the intrigues of either party. Qualify yourself to serve your country in the cabinet, to which your profession naturally leads; but never strive to force yourself into her councils; and, above all things, avoid the road of party, and the little arts of greedy politicians. In your conduct, therefore, during the present crisis, aim at no distinction of any kind, wear no badge, make no speeches in public, and in private, although you do not affect to conceal your sentiments, always deliver

them with moderation, candour, and temper. May God direct you in all things.

Yours affectionately,

S. B.

Shortly after this period, Dr. Bard's feelings, as a parent, were deeply excited by a severe and long continued illness which brought to the brink of the grave this only son. The letter which follows appears to have been written to him during his convalescence.

Hyde Park, March 1, 1799.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

Your letter of last Sunday gave us all great pleasure, as it confirmed the good hopes with which I left you of the complete re-establishment of your health. Yours may almost be called a resuscitation, and fills us all with joy and gratitude in proportion to our preceding despondency. I confess to you, my dear boy, that the near prospect of your death turned my thoughts very forcibly to a self examination how far I had fulfilled my duty in respect of your education; and I felt some apprehension that in the conduct of it I had not paid that constant attention to the great object of religion that its importance, my duty, and your happiness required. It has ever been my wish to build my own and my children's religious opinions on the great and fundamental truths of God's creation and government of the world. This leads to Revelation, in which, as there is nothing impossible or unreasonable, so was it very necessary, that God should

instruct us in the knowledge of his laws ; the practice of which alone can secure our happiness. And as the external evidences of God's power, and wisdom, and goodness, manifested in the works of creation, afford the most satisfactory and undeniable proofs of his existence and natural government of the world ; so, on the other hand, do the internal evidences of the Christian Revelation, manifested in the wisdom, purity, and sublimity of its doctrines, prove, most satisfactorily, its divine origin, and his moral government. If you will but attentively read the life of our Saviour, as delivered in the Gospels, and form your own opinion of his character and mission from his conduct, and what he says of himself, you will, I hope, find no difficulty in believing, that he spake not solely from his own authority, but from that of him who sent him, the Great God and Father of us all. I advise you to enter upon this inquiry, and to devote, at least, a part of every Sunday to it: and I sincerely pray that God may enlighten your mind, and give you such conviction as will establish your principles, regulate your conduct, and secure your happiness.

Your affectionate father,

S. B.

In the year 1801, the father's most anxious wishes for his son's prosperity were fulfilled, by his marriage with the daughter of an old friend, and early patron, the late N. Cruger, Esq. of this city. The following is an extract from his letter to his son on that occasion.

Hyde Park.

I rejoice, my dear son, in your present happiness ; and I rejoice too, to find you are not so much intoxicated with it, as to suffer yourself to dream of its uninterrupted continuance ; because that conviction will induce you early and always to apply to the only remedy against those evils which you justly call unavoidable, since virtue itself is not secure against them,—I mean religion. This is our strong hold, our castle, and rock of defence, our refuge in times of adversity, our comforter under misfortune, our cheerful companion, and friendly monitor in the hours of gladness and prosperity.—“ Whoso walketh uprightly, walketh surely ;” and he is most likely to walk uprightly, who considers himself constantly under the eye and government of God and his providence. This has ever been the joy and consolation of the good and wise ; and is the only philosophy which can satisfy a reasonable mind, and reconcile us to what we daily see, and hear, and feel. But I am satisfied it is not necessary to press these reflections upon you ; some expressions in your letter have led me into them, and I own I delight to dwell on them.

The details of your letter have given us great pleasure ; may your happiness meet with few, very few, interruptions ; against these, next to virtue and religion, moderation will be your great security.

As to us, we are all here set down to our regular and quiet system for the winter. My dear little pupil improves fast, at least, as fast as can be expected from one of her volatile temper. She is up with me before sunrise ; and one of the pleasantest hours of the day is the one I

spend with her. I find very great delight and satisfaction in her docility and industry; and if we go on as we have begun, I hope we shall delight some others as well as ourselves.

Your affectionate father,

S. B.

Hyde Park.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

The slow encouragement young lawyers meet with seems to have occupied our thoughts at the same time. I greatly approve of your spirit and determination, by study and diligent application, to render yourself, in some measure, necessary to the public, and depending not upon their favour, but attachment to their own interest. Yet, I cannot help thinking, you will facilitate your success by a more popular address, and the appearance, at least, of a social and friendly intercourse with all. To command success in any enterprise, we must make some sacrifices; and this appears to me so easy, as hardly to merit the name. There is nothing I more ardently desire than to see you placed in an independent station, exercising your industry and talents both to your honour and advantage. Go on, therefore, in your laudable determination, only take to your aid such auxiliaries as will accelerate your course, at the same time that they contribute to your health and amusement.

I observe, by your letter, that some of your friends were to dine with you on Sunday; I will take occasion, from this circumstance, to caution you against its becoming a habit; for, although I do not think it necessary to hear "seven

sermons on that day," yet, it should certainly be a day of rest both to yourself and servants ; and should be spent in devotion, rational retirement from business and fashion, tranquillity, and by the lower ranks, cheerful relaxation from labour. Avoid it, therefore, for the sake of your servants, if not your own. You know there is nothing I have more at heart, than that you should deliberately form opinions for yourself upon every important duty or concern of life ; and that, when you have settled your own opinions, you should steadily adhere to them, nor suffer yourself to be swayed by the breath of fashion, or the prejudice or custom of others : think for yourself. Adieu.

Your affectionate father,

S. B.

With what mutual pleasure the studies with his young pupil at home were pursued, it may be permitted to use her pen to describe.

"My father's time, after his settlement in the country, was passed with much regularity : the principal part of my instruction he took upon himself. Arithmetic, geography, &c. occupied the early part of the morning ; drawing and botany succeeded ; and our studies generally ended with a walk in the woods, or a scramble among the rocks, in which I delighted to follow him. His pockets, on such excursions, were generally filled with such new plants as we could collect ; affording a botanical lesson for the day, and specimens for future illustration. I had a little of his own fondness for drawing and plants, and look back with delight on the pleasure and employment I thus afforded him. An illustration of the system of Lin-

næus, and subsequently, of Miss Rowden's botany, was the manner in which he made me unite these studies; ornamenting every page or two with a group or basket of flowers, with some appropriate sentence, either from Scripture, or our best poets. Thus uniting in my mind, as he ever endeavoured to do, the cultivation of taste with religious and moral truth; a favourite sentiment of his, which he often expressed in the words of Langhorne.

‘ Whatever charms the ear or eye,
All beauty and all harmony,
If sweet sensations these produce,
I know they have their moral use :
I know that nature's charms can move
The springs that strike to virtue's love.’ ”

Soon after Dr. Bard became a resident in the country, his zeal in agricultural pursuits led him to unite in the formation of a county society of that nature, over which he was called to preside; a tribute due not only to his scientific knowledge, but to the ardour with which he applied it to useful purposes. To this society, on its succeeding anniversaries, he addressed several discourses, which evince a union of much practical skill in farming, with enlightened theory: and anticipated, in some degree, the course of Sir Humphrey Davy, in applying the powers of chemistry to elucidate the principles, and improve the practice, of husbandry. A comparison of the virtues of different soils and manures, together with the means of forming them; the introduction of improved implements, and foreign grasses, now became, to Dr. Bard, a never failing source of occupation and interest, seldom of profit,

generally of expense ; since, like most other experimentalists, his unsuccessful trials formed by far the greater proportion. To the public, however, they had their value ; his failures taught caution, as well as his success wisdom ; and, on the whole, diffused much new knowledge among practical farmers, exciting a spirit of rational inquiry into the means of improving the most neglected, though the most useful of arts. Among the special improvements he introduced, or encouraged, were the more extended use of clover grass as a crop, and gypsum as a manure ; the general adoption of which, in a few years, almost doubled the wealth of the county in which he resided. On these subjects he corresponded with his old friend, Judge Peters, of Pennsylvania, who was similarly engaged in turning professional retirement into the means of agricultural usefulness. At a later period, when his friends, Chancellor Livingston, and Col. Humphreys, introduced into the country the merino breed of sheep, Dr. Bard entered, with more zeal, perhaps, than prudence, into that speculation. As a national question of securing to our country the fine fleeces of France and Spain, he saw no limit to its value ; and with the syllogistic errors of an enthusiastic mind, transferred to the minor all the values of the major proposition. As a source of individual profit, he was deceived, in common with men of sober and calculating minds, as none could foresee that total downfall of the Spanish monarchy, to which alone it was owing, that the sheep and shepherds of that distracted country were scattered like things of no value, to almost every corner of the civilized globe. In principle, however, Dr. Bard was right : though individuals lost, the country was a gainer ; and

the subsequent improvement of our woollen manufactures may be traced, in no small degree, to this speculation ; the very absurdities of which was the magic charm which transported the Spanish flocks by thousands to our shores.

One danger attending their introduction, Dr. Bard early perceived, and laboured to obviate.—Finding them liable to many new and fatal diseases, the nature and cure of these became a matter of the first importance, both to save the individuals, and to prevent infection. With this view, he published a work entitled “*The Shepherd’s Guide*,” which, though small, was the result of much investigation, and repeated and careful experiment.

To the cultivation of the locust tree, our most valuable timber, he had turned his attention as early as the revolutionary war. A letter of that date says, “we have been planting a fortune for our children,—a great quantity of locust seed ; our farm is to be one great forest of locust trees.” Of these early labours, he now began to reap the fruit, in the beauty, if not profit, of his plantations ; and his children value them, not so much in the light of his prediction, as that they form grateful monuments of his taste and labour.

With all the scrupulousness of a moralist, Dr. Bard considered his medical skill as a talent committed by Providence to his charge, and one which he was bound to use diligently and conscientiously. These feelings prevented complete retirement from professional duties, and made him alive to every call of sickness in his neighbourhood ; especially where poverty precluded remuneration, or where the case demanded experience beyond that of the resident physician. On these occasions, he would break off from

any occupation, however engaging, and run almost any personal risk, rather than fail in his daily visit; and it was a moral lesson, which sometimes put to shame younger men, to witness such sensibility to duty, and such vigour in its performance, in one, whose age and services might so well have pleaded an apology for indulgence. At such calls, he would often shake off indisposition that was confining him to his chamber, and throwing his cloak around him, mount his horse, or chair, be for an hour the active and vigorous physician, and then return to the quiet and repose which his health required. Such exertions may, perhaps, be blamed as imprudent; but they will ever be loved as amiable, and respected as honourable: and even against the charge of imprudence, may be set the fact of the good health and long life enjoyed by one, who, with a feeble constitution, never allowed the apprehension of sickness to stop him in the path of duty. His "patient's health," he was wont to say, he "considered as committed to his keeping,—his own as in the hands of Providence."

In compliment to his age and character, he was immediately, on his settlement in the county of Dutchess, elected President of its Medical Society, in which station he laboured to advance the interests and reputation of the profession, by increased strictness in examinations for license, and by various schemes for its improvement: among others, a plan which he long, but unsuccessfully urged upon the legislature, that of endowing, for a term of years, in the medical school of New-York, two free scholarships for each of the counties of the state; which he calculated, and it appears with reason, would soon ex-

clude from business the ignorant practitioners with which the country then abounded, to the disgrace of the profession, and the danger of their employers.

As an author, Dr. Bard's name is scarcely known beyond the circle of his profession ; even in that, his works are not voluminous, and so unostentatious in style and manner, as not to have attracted the notice they deserve. They mark, notwithstanding, the true character of a didactic writer, a mind well versed in the subject treated of, and more thoughtful of the reader's improvement than the writer's reputation. They have thus laid for him the basis of a medical fame, durable if not extended.

It is, perhaps, to be regretted, that he did not turn his attention more to public authorship. The clearness of his mental perceptions, the inductive character of his reasoning, and the manly vigour of his style, would have added much to his own celebrity, and somewhat, no doubt, to the advancement of science ; while the warm tone of moral and religious earnestness which pervades all his writings, would have given them additional value, and served to wipe out from the character of his profession that base stain of irreligion, which has too long, and too unjustly, rested upon it. Upon this subject, he thus expresses himself in one of his academical charges : " Galen is said to have been converted from atheism by the contemplation of a human skeleton ; how then is it possible that a modern physician can be an infidel !—one who is acquainted with the mechanism of the eye and the ear ; with the circulation of the blood, the processes of nourishment, waste, and repair, and all the countless wonders of the animal economy ! He must be blind, indeed,

if he do not see in these the unquestionable marks of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness."

Besides the works already mentioned, Dr. Bard's publications consist of a treatise, written in the year 1771, upon the "angina suffocativa," a disease which then appeared in the city under a new form, or with new virulence: another upon the use of cold in hemorrhage: many occasional addresses to public bodies; anniversary discourses to medical students; and the largest of his works a treatise upon obstetrics, which was prepared by him after his retirement. This is a work of superior value, if not merit, from the salutary caution it teaches in the use of those instruments, which, in rash and unskilful hands, have rendered this part of the art rather a curse than a blessing. It passed through several editions during the life time of its author and the preparation of a new and enlarged one, gave interest to the last to his professional studies.

Of his literary habits, more can be said; they were a model for literary men. His early hours, and active employment of them; his great temperance, and habitual exercise, are habits which would go far, if adopted, in preserving the race of authors from those mental diseases which have become their proverbial inheritance; and which arise much more from indolence of body, or imprudent exertion of mind, than from that superior delicacy of temperament, to which they are willing to impute them.

Dr. Bard, who possessed that nervous temperament in a great degree, was entirely free from these complaints of an ill regulated imagination. Cheerful activity marked

all his words and actions, and that so strongly, that it diffused itself, by an irresistible sympathy, over all around him ; rousing indolence, and banishing melancholy.

Another marked trait of his intellectual character has already been mentioned,—his unsated desire of knowledge. He never rested in his acquisitions ; and even in his latest years, would undertake some new study with all the ardour of youth. “It was one of his maxims,” says one whose character was modelled by them, “that at no period of a man’s life should he leave off employing his mind in the acquisition of useful knowledge ; he ought always to have some study before him ; and that not only as affording him a rational employment in old age, but as a means of keeping the faculties of his mind alive and vigorous. “We fail them,” he used to say, “a great deal more than they fail us.” To this point, he often quoted from his favourite treatise, the maxims of the elder Cato : “Resistendum senectuti est, pugnandum, tanquam contra morbum sic contra senectutem.—Ut senectus non languida sit, sit operosa, et semper agens aliquid et moliens.”

Of this, as a casual instance, may be mentioned the following circumstance. In the course of the author’s professional studies at Hyde Park, a Latin copy of Moshiem was accidentally left by him in the parlour : at an early hour the next morning, he found Dr. Bard deeply engaged in its perusal, which he continued from day to day, with a zeal and assiduity which always distanced the rightful student. These habits saved him from the most melancholy accompaniments of age, and prevented that gloom which too often darkens the close of life : but on this point, his

own language will afford the best proof; and in the careless, unpremeditated expressions of the following domestic letters, the reader will see the picture of a cheerful, virtuous, and happy old age.

Hyde Park, Friday morning, Feb. 1802.

MY DEAR SON,

We have had the coldest night I have experienced since I lived on the banks of the Hudson; as a proof, his majestic stream was one sheet of solid ice when I arose this morning; although, last night, not a particle was to be seen. But in spite of cold, we continue to enjoy ourselves with uniform comfort, and uninterrupted, because temperate, pleasure. Our studies, business, and amusements, fill every moment of our time, except what is devoted to food and sleep; and in those we waste none. Whatever be the cold without, we banish it from within; and our blazing hearth, around which each of us finds a comfortable seat, adds cheerfulness to comfort. Thus passes the even tenor of our days; whilst you, perhaps, under the name of pleasure, are shivering at a feast, or rubbing your fingers, and kicking your heels in the side-box of the theatre. Yesterday we had a pleasant day with Mr. & Mrs. B. Mr. J. and his wife, &c. I anticipate many such, and would not exchange them for your balls, nor even Mrs. C.'s. Healthy and at ease, we feel no want of amusement or variety. Work, conversation, and books, fill up our day,—Cowper occupies our evenings most pleasantly; and in his letters to his friends continually reminds us of our own feelings; except that, thank God, we know none of his depression; a truth.

which, although I believe you need not be informed of, yet it will bear repetition, and I feel a pleasure in repeating it. He expresses, however, all our love for our friends, and all our impatience to meet again; only much better than we can say it.—But, although we cannot tell it so well, we intend to be equally happy when we meet; and are so now in preparing for it. If you have half the desire to come to us that we have that you should, you will seriously set about it. Be therefore, stirring and ready; from this time neither give nor receive invitations; but employ your evening in planning business, and your morning in executing it. Adieu.

Yours affectionately,

S. B.

(FROM MRS. BARTON TO HER NIECE.)

Hyde Park, January 6, 1803.

DEAR SALLY,

Your most entertaining journal was delivered to us on Sunday morning by William himself. Just as we were sitting down to breakfast, and in the moment of your brother's exclamation, "what shall I do for William!" the door opened, and in he rushed upon us. A quick succession of questions and answers ensued; after which we sat down to one of the most agreeable repasts we had made for a long time.—Happy parents, to have such a son,—and happy son to have such parents.—Pity that the world does not afford more instances of what I think must constitute the greatest felicity this life is capable of receiving. Instead of a messenger, the two gentle-

men went to Bellefield, and brought back Mrs. J. and son with them to dinner. Mr. J. followed in the afternoon, and we concluded the Sunday evening as usual. Your brother is writing and compiling a set of discourses peculiarly adapted to his hearers ; which may in time, perhaps, become of more general use. You cannot think what a satisfactory occupation it has been for him. Indeed, he does pretty well in all ; which you may believe, when I tell you, from his assertions, that he has not a moment of time which hangs heavy upon him. I do believe there never were four old people under one roof happier than we are.

Our business goes on every evening, but I am sorry to say, very little to your or my interest ; for unfortunately, aunt M. and I do not understand Hoyle ; so he is only quoted when he is against us. My say goes for nothing against man and wife ; and were it not for Tredrille, now and then after your brother is gone to bed, and cribbage with him when Susan and Mr. J. spend the evening with us, I should be actually ruined. But this has not only enabled me to make my payments good, but something to spare ; so that if we do not make our fortunes, I hope there will be no danger of our becoming bankrupts, which is a great comfort, in these perilous times. Humility is so rare now-a-days, and so great a virtue, that I cannot but admire it in whatever shape it may appear ; but I must acknowledge I was a little surprised that you should have a doubt of our thinking of you at all times, more especially at this festive season, when your absence has been felt by us all. Your journals are inestimable to us. I keep them safe locked up where no eye can see them but

as I choose. Thank Mrs. P. for her compliments on my letter writing. I wish I could do the same on her yielding temper; but so far from it, I cannot help branding her with being as tyrannical as the Great Mogul; or she would have consented to our having "Henry to Frances," or "Madame Sevigne," or some other such instructive book, that might teach her and other folk how to conduct themselves, instead of filling our brains with novels and romances, like so many young girls of fifteen.—Dinner waits.

S. BARTON.

For all aunt has said, do try and get us some good novels; and go on with your journal, which keep for some private hand, for I do not know why I begin to lose my usual relish for my game at cards.

S. BARD.

Do not be alarmed at Mr. Bard's losing his relish for his cards; it is only because he begins to have a run of ill luck.

S. BARTON.

Hyde Park, Dec. 22. 1805.

DEAR WILLIAM,

We are now settled in our plans of study for the winter; I am much pleased with those I have adopted for the improvement of your sister. Between this delightful employment, the business of my farm, and the society of my family, my time is very pleasantly and fully filled up: nor do I see in any of us the least symptom of ennui. I am deep in Asiatic researches, and much

interested in the study of that ancient and extraordinary people. You need put yourself to no expense to procure the rest of Sir W. Jones's works : what I have will afford me employment for all the leisure I can command ; as my eyes will not let me read much at night. We all, thank God, enjoy perfect health ; and, by the help of large fires, have passed through the severe weather with comfort. As to myself, I never was better, and do my best to preserve the blessing. I spend two or three hours every day in the open air,—the rest of my time is divided between reading and writing ; so that I hope I shall not rust for want of use.

You will receive this in the midst of the season of festivity and good wishes, when we all pray for blessings on those we love. But how shall I express all we wish and feel for you ? Kiss your dear wife, and child, and sister ; and then, by the arithmetic of love, estimate the measure of health, and peace, and happiness, we wish and pray that you may enjoy, and think you hear us say “God grant it all.”

Yours, &c.

S. BARD.

(TO MISS B.)

Hyde Park, Friday night.

Your charming letters, my dear sister, do indeed give us a great deal of pleasure, and enliven our retreat almost as much as this bright sun does our winter days. They have became so necessary to us, that we grow impatient for the want of them ; and when they do arrive, we almost quarrel who shall have the first sheet to begin with. You

must not, therefore, discontinue them now, or we shall pine at the disappointment. * * * * *

So much for business.—And now if I had any thing to say, I would attempt some return for all your pleasing particulars: but what shall I write? Our manner of life here, though perfectly uniform, is, what you citizens will deem impossible, perfectly agreeable. Peace and quiet are our pursuit, and we have them in perfection. Most of us are old enough to be of Dr. Franklin's opinion, that ease is pleasure; whilst with you young people, nothing but pleasure can give you ease. My horse is saddled regularly after breakfast, when I spend two hours abroad, this winter very often in the deepest recesses of my forest, where the foot of man has, at least, seldom trod; and here I find my contemplations particularly agreeable and soothing. My health, I thank God, has much improved,—my eyes have been somewhat injured by the snows and bright sun; but I think begin to grow stronger. We read every evening until eight, and have found a plentiful source of amusement in H.'s collection. Adieu.

Yours affectionately,

S. B.

Hyde Park, November, 1807.

Wednesday.—I got a tumble to-day; but as both aunt and wife say I deserved it, I will say no more about it, only that to the confusion in my head I attribute having this evening lost one point at backgammon and three at whist.

Thursday.—I have not stirred out of the house, owing to a slight indisposition which succeeded my fall; but

which, I thank God, has now entirely disappeared. * *

* * * * *

To be sure, the life we now lead differs from that we lately led ; and in my opinion, it is greatly to be preferred, even when novelty is thrown into one scale and uniformity in the other.—But perhaps I cannot give you a better proof that I am growing an old man ; for, to the old, quiet and ease are pleasure. Friday.—Yesterday I examined my desk, and set my papers in order ; read some, and played a little : in the evening we pursued our studies as usual ; which, although serious, we find very delightful. We so far varied them as to read the life of our author, William Jones, instead of his works : though delightful throughout, his dying moments gave us the greatest comfort. A little while before his dissolution, as his curate was standing by his bedside, he desired him to read the 71st psalm, which he had no sooner done, than, taking him by the hand, he said, “If this be dying I had no idea what dying was before ;” adding, in a stronger voice, “thank God, thank God, it is no worse !” He had long very much dreaded the pains of death :—you may be sure we read the psalm. Was it trifling, or was it habit, or will you dignify it with the name of tranquillity, that after such serious contemplation, we went to our usual amusement ? and that I finish this by telling you we added seven points to our score ? Adieu. Let us have good news from you on Sunday, and our hearts will know no sorrow.

Yours affectionately,

S. B.

Although an active mind thus rendered his retirement both busy and cheerful, Dr. Bard still peculiarly enjoyed an occasional return to the stir and bustle of active life. The following short letter to his son, is a cheerful picture of one verging towards his eightieth year.

New-York, Tuesday evening, 1818.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

We arrived this morning in a cold rain ; but a hearty reception by kind friends, with a warm breakfast and good fire, soon made us comfortable. Since that I have not been idle ; but after presiding at a meeting of the Historical Society, took a peep at the range of buildings appropriated to the Fine Arts, Literary Societies, &c. which may be made a noble institution. After that I drank coffee at Col. T.'s, visited his pictures, and received much information from Dr. M. on the subject of the aborigines of our country, founded on their remains found in the great western caverns, which seem to have been used as places of refuge.

Such society rubs off our rust and sharpens our edge ; making us not only brighter to the eye, but fitter for use. I send this to the office to-night. Be you as punctual as I am, and do not fail to give us either the comfort of knowing you are well, or, if you cannot do that, the satisfaction of coming to comfort you. God bless you all.

Yours affectionately,

S. B.

Of Dr. Bard's foreign correspondence, I find no remains. In early life, it was extensive ; in middle life,

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somewhat narrowed by want of leisure: and in old age, by want, perhaps, of inclination. But whatever there was has perished. Dr. B. appears to have valued it merely as an interchange of present gratification, and to have taken no pains to preserve it; indeed he was more than usually careless, both of his own and his correspondents' letters. The former, it may be added, never were copied. He wrote as he spoke, from the impulse of feeling.

Among a few late letters, however, I find two from his old friend Lindley Murray, the grammarian: a correspondence renewed, it would seem, after a long silence.

Holdgate, York, June 6, 1806.

I was lately informed by my brother, that my little "Spelling Book" met the approbation of my very worthy friend, Dr. Bard. This information afforded me peculiar pleasure, both as flattering to the author, and as tending to increase the reputation and currency of the book in his native country.

I have employed a considerable portion of my leisure time in endeavouring to facilitate the acquisition of the English language, and in some degree, to regulate it. The favourable sentiments entertained of the Spelling Book, induce me to hope, that the Grammar, in its improved state, will also be approved by my friend. I have, therefore, sent a copy of the last edition, together with its auxiliary, the Exercises and Key of these books; I beg your acceptance, as a small testimony of my continued esteem and regard: and beg the favour of your suggesting any remarks by which they may be still further improved. Distant as I am from my native country, and the friends of my early life, and although many years have rolled

away since I enjoyed the pleasure derived from them, I am far from having forgotten those pleasing attachments. Among them I often recollect the friendship and esteem which I entertained for my much respected friend, Dr. Bard ; and I have felt interested in his prosperity and happiness. The information which I have occasionally received, has been very gratifying to me.—I was particularly pleased to find that you had retired from the hurried and bustling scenes of life. I trust that you have found your retreat not only “ *otium cum dignitate,*” but a source of moral and religious improvement ; a happy preparation for that permanent state of being which cannot now be far distant ; and where, perhaps, we may again meet and rejoice together for ever.

For twenty years I have not been able to walk more than a few steps in the course of each day.—I have not, however, much pain.—I ride out daily, and, in short, possess so many comforts, that I can scarcely term my situation an affliction. This information I communicate to gratify the curiosity of friendship.

Your faithful friend,

LINDLEY MURRAY.

Holdgate, near York, Jan. 30, 1812.

The letter which my dear and much respected friend, Dr. Bard, sent to me a few months since, was received and read by me with great satisfaction. To perceive that I was still remembered by one whom from early life I loved and esteemed, could not but be in a high degree gratifying to my best feelings. I rejoiced to find that my friend enjoyed good health, was still blessed with his amiable Mary, and happy in a dutiful and prosperous

family of children, and surrounded by easy and plentiful circumstances. Above all, I was cheered and gratified by the pious and grateful sentiments which breathed in his letter, towards the bountiful Giver of all his blessings. This devout spirit contains in itself great enjoyment, spreads a brightness over every innocent gratification, and fills the mind with the most solid and delightful anticipations of future happiness. May you, my dear friends, be blessed with this spirit of peace and love to the latest period of your lives ; and may it live and flourish also in your dear children. You have known what the world can afford,—you have seen it in its most flattering dress, and have happily retired from those parts of it which afford no solid or durable satisfaction : infinitely greater enjoyments, I have no doubt, attend you both in your peaceful retreat. It gives me pleasure to perceive that my good friend is industriously employed in the superintendence of his estate ; and particularly in the breed and improvement of sheep. This pastoral office must often carry back his thoughts to the happy times of innocence and simplicity ; and, I trust, frequently raises in his mind this comforting aspiration, “The Lord is my Shepherd, therefore I shall not want.” Bishop Horne says, with devout propriety, “Every flock that we see, should remind us of our necessities ; and every pasture, of that love by which they are so bountifully supplied.”

The kind inquiry after my health, induces me to say that it is much better than I could have expected, after so long and great confinement. For twenty-four years after I came to this country, I had no exercise but in a carriage, or garden chair ; and for two years past, I have not been

out of the house. At first view, this appears to be a deplorable condition ; but I find it otherwise. I am persuaded that Infinite Goodness knows what is best for me, and has assigned me my proper allotment. In His merciful appointment I acquiesce. I have many enjoyments yet left me. As my prime temporal blessing, I consider the continued life and tolerable health of my ever faithful and affectionate partner. I have special cause to be grateful to Heaven for this inestimable gift. My dear friends, farewell : that the Divine benediction may rest upon you both, and make you more and more grateful as you approach those celestial mansions which are to crown your present blessings, is the fervent desire of your sincere friend,

LINDLEY MURRAY.

In the year 1813, a separation wisely took place between Columbia College, and its medical school. Such a union, though favourable for a time, it was thought, should cease with that necessity from which it originated, inadequate patronage. Besides, it was argued, that subdivision of mental, as of bodily aim, both saves time and increases power ; and is not only an important, but a necessary step, in the progress of modern science. Indeed, experience has proved such continued union to be unfavourable. The interests of the two are independent, if not diverse ; and, in general, the prosperity of one has been found to absorb the energies of the other. Collegiate education should be distinguished from profes-

sional : the object of the first being, in the words of Locke, "not to make young men perfect in any one science, but so to open and dispose their minds as may best make them capable of any." Upon this dissolution, the Regents of the university new modelled the medical college, which they had already established ; and in the appointment of its officers Dr. Bard was called to the Presidency. His unwillingness to accept this situation, was, at length, overcome by the solicitations of friendship, and the assurance that it would make but few calls upon time, already happily and usefully employed. In this honourable station he continued during life ; and rendered his official duties valuable to the institution by the warm interest he took in its success, the judicious plans he framed for its improvement, and the impressive discourses with which he accompanied the delivery of its degrees. In these he drew, with his accustomed energy, a vivid picture of the accomplished physician,—in his education,—in his subsequent improvement,—in his professional conduct, and in his private deportment. Over all these sketches he threw a moral and religious colouring, which gave them richness and force ; showing the happy influence which pure morals and firm religious principles must ever exercise over professional success : and concluding one of his last, as already noticed, with the character of Boerhaave, as approaching to this rare union of the physician, the scholar, the gentleman, and the Christian. Besides these, which form a "tablature" of the medical character, there are others more scientific ; in which he treats of the nature and value of medical experience, the choice of a medical

library, and the dangers arising from theory and hasty induction.

Among the few drawbacks to the satisfaction of this station, and indeed almost the only serious one to the peace and harmony of a long and active life, was an unhappy difference between himself and the Professors of the institution over which he presided. With a mind inclined to peace, Dr. Bard was not of a spirit to submit to what he considered injustice: though not anxious for the station, he was not willing to be forced from it by intrigue; and in the discussions which ensued, he displayed the vigour and acuteness of an unbroken mind. These discussions terminated in an appeal to the Board of Regents, the only rightful judges of the matter in dispute; and from them he received an unqualified decision in his favour.

But to return to the more pleasing scenes of domestic life.

The marriage of his younger daughter, which took place in 1809, added another to the family circle of this patriarchal establishment. The child of his age, his pupil at home, and companion abroad, she had grown up with, perhaps, a double share of his anxiety and affection; and when the increasing demands of her education required an occasional separation from him, the frequency and tenderness of his letters evince how much his heart was wrapt up in her improvement and happiness. The insertion of one may be pardoned to the writer, as a warm picture of parental pride and affection; and to him at least, doubly pleasing, by the associations with which it is connected.

The following is a joint letter from both her parents,— the first part from her mother.

Hyde Park, Dec. 27, 1804.

It is impossible, my dearest child, to express by words all the good I wish you at this or any other season. It is my daily prayer that health, innocence, and a contented mind, may long be your portion. God grant a continuance of them, and all other blessings to you; and that you may enjoy this, and many ensuing years, with moderation and thankfulness.

How do you find yourself at such a distance from so many you love, and who love you? Just, I hope, as I wish you, enjoying, with gratitude, the attention of your kind friends, and the new scene you are in.

I neglected to mention in my last some things I wish you to take notice of in your journey,—in particular, your great grandfather's house in Bristol; where, in my childhood, I spent so many happy hours. The little stream, also, near it, whither I used to carry my ducks, and which, I then thought, more beautiful than any stream in the world.

Your affectionate mother.

MY DEAR CHILD,

Your mother tells me I must fill this page; but where shall I find matter? our uniform life affords neither variety nor anecdote. Had I, indeed, the talent to dress the same sentiments in all the beautiful variety of Madame De Sevigne, I might say again and again, how much we love you,—that we are proud of you;—and that even at a distance, you gild the evening of our lives with the sunshine and joy of youth. But you

know all this already, and repetition cannot make it more true. I will, therefore, only charge you to return us that portion of our treasure which is in your keeping,—your own health and happiness, bright and unalloyed.

I have received great pleasure in the beautiful specimens you have sent me of your skill and industry in drawing; and from your future improvement I promise myself a source of delight all the rest of my life. I have placed them up against the wall opposite my seat, that I may have the pleasure of constantly viewing them, and anticipating the pleasure we shall enjoy when we come to apply your talent to a thousand useful and ornamental subjects. Your fondness for gardening and painting have ever been strong passions of mine, and we will now cultivate them together; which will add the greatest zest to my enjoyment, and lay up for you a never failing source of the most innocent delight. Every thing connected with gardening, drawing, and the study of nature, is virtuous, feminine, and elegant: every sentiment and feeling they excite is peculiarly becoming in a female mind: they soften and harmonize the affections, smooth all the asperities of character, and even allay the bitterness of disappointment and sorrow. Let nothing, therefore, my good girl, slacken your industry in this pursuit; and be careful not to divide your attention between too many objects; as mediocrity in any accomplishment will satisfy neither me nor you.

But I had almost forgot to bestow upon you your just praise for the readiness with which you have complied with my desire to avoid large parties: they consume a

great deal of time, with little pleasure, and no improvement. It is my boast to have children who know how to submit to what is right without repining.

God bless you, my dear child.

S. B.

To the ordinary evening devotions of the day on which her marriage took place, Dr. Bard added the following short, but heartfelt prayer: an incident mentioned only as displaying the practical character of his religion, which he used, on all marked occasions either of joy or sorrow, as the most powerful means to excite gratitude or furnish consolation.

“O, most gracious God, bless with thy favour and protection our children, who have in thy presence become united in marriage. May they place their hopes of happiness first in love to thee, faith in thy promises, obedience to thy commands, and submission to thy will; and next to these, in a sincere, tender, and generous friendship for each other.—May these affections brighten all their prospects and joys in life; and may they always fly to these for comfort under the misfortunes or afflictions with which thou shalt see fit to prove them.—May we, their parents, enjoy, while we live, the unspeakable blessing of witnessing their virtues and happiness: and, when death approaches, may the blessed hope of meeting again in thy presence for ever, cheer our last hour, and soften the pain of parting.”

In confirmation of this trait of character, a similar effusion of pious thankfulness is subjoined, penned a little

before this period, on the unexpected recovery of his eldest son-in-law from a long and dangerous illness.

“Great and mighty God, who bringest down to the grave, and raisest up from it again, we bless thy wonderful goodness for having, in some measure, turned our heaviness into joy, by relieving our friend and son from great and imminent danger. Blessed be thy name, that didst not forsake him in his distress, but hast visited him with comfort from above, supported him with patience and submission to thy will, and hast, at length, afforded him some probable hope of recovery. Perfect, we beseech thee, thy mercy towards him, and prosper the means which shall be made use of for his cure; that being restored to health, he may live to bless thy holy name for all thy goodness towards him, and manifest his gratitude by a life of holiness and obedience to thy commands: and may he still be spared many years, a protector and comfort to his family, and an example to all around him.

“Sanctify, O Lord, we beseech thee, this and every other instance of sorrow and calamity, with which, in mercy, thou shalt please to visit us, to our improvement in virtue and true religion.—May they bring us to true repentance for all the sins and errors of our past lives:—may they strengthen our hope in thy mercies, and our faith in thy promises; and so teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts to that holy and heavenly wisdom, which not only brings with it peace and happiness in this world, but leads to everlasting joy in that which is to come. Grant these our humble petitions, O merciful God, for the sake of our blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

The same warmth of devotional gratitude breathes in the following extract from a letter on a similar, though subsequent, occasion.

Hyde Park, Dec. 27, 1812.

DEAR HOSACK,

Last evening I felt myself amongst the happiest of happy parents, surrounded by every branch of my family, and my son M'V. among them, restored to perfect health.

I cannot express my wishes and prayers for your happiness at this season of festivity and congratulation, in stronger terms, than that, at my time of life, you may sit down to a festive family board with feelings of equal enjoyment, and sentiments of equal gratitude for similar blessings. We closed the evening with Dr. Franklin's matrimonial song; in every stanza of which, I joined heart and voice. May this prime source of family concord and happiness be always added to the catalogue of your blessings.

Yours affectionately,

S. B.

Among the family arrangements produced by his daughter's marriage and removal from home, was one which supplied her loss, and gladdened the remainder of Dr. Bard's life, by affording him the uninterrupted society of an affectionate and watchful son. Increasing years rendering the care of his large establishment too great a burden, he transferred the management of it to his son, who united his family to that of his father's; disburthening him

of many cares, and leaving him free to his favourite employments in the green house and garden.

The following is an answer to his letter, communicating this arrangement, to one of his oldest and most esteemed friends. As death has now set to this friendship a mutual seal, to surviving friends it may not be an unpleasing memorial.

New-York, March 25, 1811.

Your schemes, my dear friend, and mine, nearly accord. Taking your son into your family, will save you, as it does me, a great deal of care, that now, when we are not so young, (excuse me from saying when we are old,) it is our duty to get rid of, that we may go quietly through the remaining part of life, and be led to fix our hearts there where only true joys are to be found.

We have both of us been blessed through life : for my own part, I think that every moment that my heart is not filled with cheerfulness and praise, for the mercies that have surrounded, and do still surround me, I am so far ungratefully forgetting the Hand that bestowed them. And when my time of life presents itself to my consideration, (and how few of us arrive even at the years I have passed,) I endeavour to resign myself to the will of God,—merciful and just.

When I look back, the years I have passed seem wonderfully short ; and those that are to come, how short may they be ! Under these feelings, our greatest comfort must consist in enjoying, with cheerful resignation, what time may be remaining, whether days or years.

“Stat sua cuique dies, breve et irreparabile tempus.” In all our ways let us acknowledge God, and he will direct our steps; and even when we walk through the valley of the shadow of death, we will fear no evil; his rod of grace and staff of hope, will defend, support, and comfort us.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT WATTS.

To the favourite occupations just mentioned Dr. Bard now devoted himself with an ardour which made them seem rather a change of labour, than a respite from it. In the flowers and fruits of the garden he became a learned and skilful horticulturist,—conversed, read, and wrote, upon the subject,—laid exactions on all his friends who could aid him in obtaining what was rare, beautiful, or excellent, in its kind,—drew from England its smaller fruits,—the larger ones from France, melons from Italy, and vines from Madeira,—managing them all with a varied yet experimental skill, which baffled the comprehension of minds of slower perception. These plans, though novel, were, in general, judicious; being the result of much reading, and long experience, and above all, of an imagination trained to what Bacon terms “tentative experiments.”

In the construction of a conservatory he displayed much of this talent, it being the first, in that northern climate, which substituted, with success, the heat of fermentation for the more expensive and dangerous one of combustion. In this, during the severity of the winter, he would often pass the greater part of the day, engaged in his usual occupations of reading and writing, or his fa-

vourite amusement of chess ; and welcoming his friends who called upon him, to use his own sportive language, to the “little tropical region of his own creation.”

Peculiarly touched with the smiling beauties of nature, he was still a lover of it in every form, and would often enforce upon the young the moral value of that sensibility, in the words of a poet whom similarity of tastes had made a favourite.

“Oh, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
 Of charms, which nature to her votary yields ;
 The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
 The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields ;
 All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
 And all that echoes to the song of even ;
 All that the mountain’s sheltering bosom shields,
 And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
 Oh, how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven ?”

In the year 1811, circumstances favouring its establishment, the church of St. James, at Hyde Park, was erected, of which Dr. Bard was the founder ; a term of distinction, not, perhaps, strictly applicable ; but morally just, as being the individual to whose unwearied exertions, and superior liberality, its success is to be attributed. Attached, not only by habit, but by rational conviction, to the Episcopal branch of the Protestant Church, Dr. Bard had long been anxious for its establishment in his neighbourhood. Among the contending claims of Christian churches, he regarded this not merely with respect for its antiquity, but with veneration for its origin ; approving it as the purest, he preferred it also as the most rational and liberal of

churches in the creed it imposes; and often eulogized it in language that would do no discredit to the ablest of its advocates. He maintained it to be the only church of Christendom which held, with even scales, the nice balance between authority and private opinion; which puzzled the understanding with no metaphysical subtleties, imposed upon the conscience no dubious points of doctrine or practice; but laying, broad and deep, the fundamental truths of Revelation, left the mind, unshackled upon minor points, to free and unbiassed examination.

Among these fundamental points he regarded, as one, that which is at issue between Socinians and the great body of Christians. Their error he considered to be radical: to use his own strong language, "it cuts the heart out of Christianity, and leaves it cold and comfortless."

Of his opinion on this subject, if any farther proof were wanted by those who may have mistaken his liberality for indifference, or the admission of other's right of judgment for participation in their errors, it will be found in the reverential and feeling acknowledgment he makes of this great truth, in every one of his prayers and religious reflections. How little, too, he was inclined to compromise it, may be learned from an anecdote still in the recollection of some of his friends, of the manner in which, at his own table, he silenced one of its leading advocates, not only putting him down by argument, but checking, by a calm and dignified reproof, all further discussion of a subject which he held too sacred to be lightly handled. Nor was he, while thus exalting doctrine, inclined to depreciate morality. He looked upon Christianity as a living fountain of good

works ; and selected the name of the apostle James for that of the church he founded, in reference to the great practical principle that Evangelist lays down, that “ faith without works is dead.” These sentiments he held firmly, openly, and warmly ; inculcating them upon the young, maintaining them with his equals, and by his practice, recommending them to all.

Among the most pleasing evidences of these feelings of religion, before the erection of the church, was his application of the day devoted to its public duties. The lectures he prepared for these occasions, were in part original, and, in part, compilations from the earlier divines of the Church of England, who were his peculiar favourites. These, together with the liturgy of the church, afforded him ample materials for domestic service ; which was rendered deeply impressive by his earnestness and tones of sincerity. Indeed, so highly did he value these public exercises of devotion, as means both of instruction and conviction, that after the erection of the church, in order to supply the occasional absence of its rector, he submitted to the necessity, at the age of seventy years, of receiving, from episcopal authority, the license required to entitle him to act as lay reader in the church.

In addition to these proofs of personal piety, it may be permitted to add the following extract from the form of daily devotion made use of by himself and wife.

“ O God ! enlighten our understanding that we may comprehend thy will, strengthen our resolution to obey thy commands, endow us with resignation under thy dispensations, and fill our hearts with love and gratitude for all thy benefits. Give unto us, O Lord, whose lives thou

hast continued to so late a day, sincere and true repentance, and grant, that as age advances upon us, our minds may be more and more enlightened by the knowledge of thy will ; more resigned to thy dispensations, and more invigorated with the resolution to obey thy commands. Calm all our thoughts and fears ; give peace and quiet to our latter days ; and so support us, by thy grace, through the weakness and infirmities of age, that we may die in humble hope and confidence of thy merciful pardon and acceptance through the merits of our Redeemer.”

In one devotional habit he resembled Boerhaave ; and, perhaps, was guided by his example. He regularly devoted a part of his early morning to religious reading and reflection ; by which, as he himself expressed it, he endeavoured to “set his mind to a right edge for the business of the day.” Among the works he selected for this purpose, his favourite *εγχειρίδια*, next to the Book of Psalms, were the “*Sacra Privata*,” of Bishop Wilson, and Johnson’s “*Prayers and Meditations*.” Of the latter work he was peculiarly fond ; regarding, as its singular excellence, that tone of calm, but full sincerity, which renders it the picture, not only of the feelings of the writer, but of the wants of the reader ; and that (setting aside its morbid melancholy,) it gave the picture of the human heart under the influence of religion :—a picture which, amid all our disputes, varies, perhaps, only in the depth of its shades, or the brilliancy of its colouring.

The following letter, about this period, was from an old and valued friend, who now rests from the labours of a life void of guile, and consecrated to religious benevolence.

Burlington, January 13, 1812.

We rejoice with you in the progress of religious sentiment, and join you in thankfulness that it hath pleased God to make our young friend, the rector, the means of promoting its advancement in your neighbourhood. God has been pleased, my dear friend, to afford you the ability, and to give you the heart, to make great exertions in his service, and has shown you his favour, in permitting you to accomplish a work of so much present usefulness, and of such future promise. I trust that the same disposition in which your children partake with you, will be continued to their descendants: and that, if the inhabitants of a better world be spectators of the employments of this, you may be privileged to behold your descendants, from generation to generation, offering up the sacrifice of humble and contrite hearts in that house which God has enabled you to erect for his worship and service.

It is, indeed, a great gratification to your friends, that your visit to them, though short, was both pleasant and advantageous to your health, which is so valuable to them all. We hope a kind Providence will enable you frequently to repeat it; and you will be doubly welcome in bringing our dear Mrs. Bard with you. Change of air, and variety of objects, will be agreeable to her; among which, she will ever see the countenance of friends gladdened by her arrival, if it be the will of God to permit us mutually to realize such pleasing expectations.

The intimate acquaintance and friendship which has been formed between our children, is to us a cause of

gratitude to the Author of every mercy and blessing. Yours has, with great justice, been styled "a family of love."—You can readily suppose then, that to give our child the benefit of daily viewing such an example, we gladly are deprived of her company for a season ; and our comfort is in proportion to our love, in the prospect of her advantages, and the hope that she will improve them.

Very truly yours,

JOSHUA M. WALLACE.

In the visit here alluded to, Dr. Bard, in passing through Princeton at the period of its public commencement, was waited upon by a deputation from the Trustees of that institution, and the honorary degree of LL.D. conferred upon him.

In the church thus erected, Dr. Bard continued to find, unto the very close of life, a more than ordinary comfort and satisfaction. "No equal expenditure of money," he was used to say, "had ever returned to him so large an interest;" and by those who ever saw him engaged in its services, its truth will not be doubted. His venerable looks, his devout but animated manner,—his loud response, and eye glistening with gratitude and thankfulness, surrounded by children and grandchildren, form a picture on which memory loves to dwell. From these meetings, sanctified alike by devotion and family affection, he was rarely absent. Sickness could hardly detain him ; and absence from home he always felt as a misfortune. A letter from him in New-York, terminates in these words : "I shall long to be with you to-morrow, and indeed shall be so in heart and mind ; as it is my intention to partake in the

the same comfortable sacrament at the same hour: and I most sincerely pray that it may tend to strengthen all our good resolutions, to increase our confidence and trust in the goodness and mercy of God, to add to all our innocent enjoyments, and to give us comfort and peace under every affliction."

How well his enjoyment of that day, when present, accorded with his prayers when absent, is hastily, but strongly, touched in the close of a letter from himself at home, to his daughter, after her settlement in New-York. "Joy and happiness," says he, "return with your letters on Saturday; and on Sunday, calm reflection ends in gratitude, tranquillity, and peace."

His eldest grandson having determined on medicine as his profession, renewed all the ardour of his grandfather's mind to prepare him for it, and advance him in it. He became not only his instructer, but his companion in all his medical pursuits; aided him in the arrangements of his laboratory, led the way in experiment, and ran over the whole circle of his former studies with equal enthusiasm, and greater pleasure, as it was now connected with the improvement of one endeared to him by the ties of kindred; and the display of such traits of character as promised fully to repay his exertions.

After a summer of preparatory study, his pupil became a student of the college over which he himself presided, and a private pupil of his friend and former partner, Dr. David Hosack. These circumstances are mentioned as introductory of the letters which follow; and as illustrative of the position, that the powers of usefulness are not necessarily lost with age,—that feebleness of mind is rather

the rust of indolence than the decay of nature ; and that old age may continue, to the very latest period, honoured, and beloved ; if, instead of driving away the young by austerity, it will teach them by its experience, instruct them with its learning, and turn into love and veneration those natural feelings of respect with which it is regarded.

“ Non cani non rugæ repente auctoritatem arripere possunt, sed honeste acta superior ætas fructus capit auctoritatis extremos.” Cic.

Of this position, few have better displayed the truth than Dr. Bard, whose influence grew with his years, and who was alike the counsellor and the companion, the instructor and the friend, of all the young persons who were so fortunate as to have a claim upon his attentions. To them this intercourse was not only improving, but delightful, for the flow of imagination continued in him unabated : the materials of this faculty, being continually replenished by study and active thought, it never sunk into that dulness or childishness, which is the result, not so much of advancing years, as of an indolent or exhausted mind. His plans for their improvement were novel and varied, his pursuit of them eager, his commendation warm and animated, and his reproof, though tender, “ vehement in love.”

The correspondence which, under these circumstances, he maintained with his grandson, is full of instruction and interest ; abounding in lessons of practical wisdom, and containing the result of his medical experience upon most of the subjects which, during its continuance, attracted public or professional attention. Adhering to the moral lesson which this memoir is designed to inculcate, the

only use I shall make of these letters is, by a few extracts, to show the benevolent energy of that mind, which, at an age when life is proverbially "but trouble and sorrow," could rise above the infirmities and anxieties of that winter of life, and enjoy, as it were, a second spring, in the prospects and improvement of youth. Age, doubtless, will ever have weaknesses and sorrows of its own sufficient to make it an object of tenderness, if not of commiseration: but it cheers the moral eye to be able to rest on such a picture of old age as is here exhibited. It not only gratifies our benevolent feelings, but gives us a selfish pleasure in removing, from that period of life to which we ourselves hope to attain, the gloom which ordinarily hangs over it: and farther, it tends to put down the debasing system of materialism, in exhibiting to us the mental powers triumphing over bodily infirmity, and rising superior to the decay, if not the wreck, of that nice organization to which their very existence is falsely attributed.

Hyde Park, 1817.

MY DEAR FRANK,

I have explained to Dr. H. at large my views as to the plan of your education: I shall, therefore, only advise you, in attending the public lectures, to hear attentively what the Professors shall deliver, and not attempt writing notes, except only, the heads of the lecture, so as to be able to recall the general topics to your recollection. I had much rather you took pains to understand and recollect what is said than to put it upon paper.

As is the case with every branch of learning, the first six months will be the least agreeable to you ; but in proportion as you apply them with diligence all the rest will be easy and pleasant. I will, therefore, beg you to recollect, that your own respectability, your parents' happiness, your brothers' and sister's prosperity, all, perhaps, depend on the use you make of the next six months. I most sincerely pray that God will take you under his special protection, guide you in the paths of virtue and happiness, bless you, and in you all your dear friends.

Go on, therefore, my dear son: to knowledge add virtue, to industry add prudence; and recommend these strong features of character by the suavity of your manners. You will thus, by an honourable and virtuous course, founded on religion, secure your own respectability, prosperity, and happiness ; and in that make happy and reward your friends, for all their anxiety and exertions on your behalf. * * * * *

Your last letter, my dear Frank, has given me, and all your friends, real pleasure and very great satisfaction. It bespeaks a good heart and a sound understanding, while the sentiments it contains afford us the best assurance of your future happiness, respectability, and success ; and as these are objects in which we are all deeply interested, it has gratified us in proportion to their importance.

I have always observed, that those men who have arrived at the greatest celebrity in any profession were most distinguished for their knowledge in some one branch of it; to which, from taste and inclination, they had paid the greatest attention. Pursue anatomy, therefore, if your taste for it continue, not only as a branch of medical

study, of which, among many others, it is necessary to acquire a general knowledge, but as a separate science, which may confer upon you celebrity and distinction.

I promise myself great pleasure next summer, and for the few I have still to enjoy, in studying anew all these branches of my profession with you. I really find as much pleasure in them now as I ever did ; and contributing to your progress will add a new and more exquisite delight to them. Indeed, I can conceive no object so delightfully and deeply interesting as a young man seriously engaged in qualifying himself to assume a respectable station in society, to add to the general reputation of his family and friends, and to bless them by the contemplation of his virtues, his reputation, and prosperity. What then must be my feelings, when I see such prospects among those I love most. Adieu, my dear boy ; may God assist you in all virtuous conduct."

On the subject of that sectarian feeling which embittered some recent medical theories, he thus wisely cautions his pupil.

" I write you this letter earnestly to beg that you will carefully avoid entering into any of the warmth which will be displayed on this occasion : I esteem and respect Dr. ——, but am sorry to see him engaging in this question with the zeal of a partisan. Keep your mind free from prejudice, and open to conviction, until you have gone through the course of reading I have chalked out to you. After you have stored your mind with the solid principles of your profession, which you will learn from those I think the purest sources of information, the

writers who flourished within a century after the age of Sydenham; you will be better able to enter into controversy, and to judge, with impartiality, on all novel and disputed opinions. The very inconsiderate haste with which these new opinions have been adopted, and the intemperate zeal with which they have been propagated, put me in mind of those sects in religion, whose crude opinions at first spread like wild fire among their disciples; but whom the sobering hand of time has now brought back to a more rational and sober system. I have no doubt such will be the result of this subject of contagion; on which, at present, so much enthusiasm and irritation is manifested.

Study and reflection will, I doubt not, bring you to a correct opinion on this subject: I only pray you, at present, to enter into no dispute on it; be not numbered among the partisans of any leader, but coolly and dispassionately inquire, beginning with those writers who had no particular theory to support, and were animated by no party zeal; and then judge for yourself.

Write to me, my dear son, and be particular with regard to the objects of your present studies. I am so deeply interested in your welfare, that one of the greatest pleasures I can enjoy is to be told the manner in which you are laying the foundation of a useful and happy life. God bless you.

Affectionately yours,

S. B.

Of his own habits of study at an age which entitles to repose, the following extract may give some idea.

“ I am out of professional reading at present, which I find very unpleasant: accustomed to regular study, it leaves a blank in my time which, during this hot weather, I find it difficult to fill up agreeably. Do see Dr. S. and procure from him M. Bovine. I saw some time ago the publication of Dewes’s work: I should be very glad to see it: mention it to Collins. Send me likewise, from the hospital library, Aitkens’s Principles, and Barnes on the Gravid Uterus. I return Medical Observations and Inquiries, Vols. IV & V, which see properly discharged.”

On occasion of some threatened misfortunes, he thus writes in a tone of manly confidence arising out of religious resignation.

“ I sometimes suffer much anxiety, and no little depression of spirits when thinking on these subjects; but again, when I consider all the blessings we enjoy, and all we have a probability of enjoying, I am ashamed at my ingratitude and cowardice, and want of faith and trust in that Good Being who has conducted me hitherto, with unusual blessings, to so late a period of life. Let us, therefore, my dear son, do our part with steady perseverance and courage; clap our own shoulders to the wheel of fortune whilst we pray, and trust in God to assist us.

God bless you, my dear boy; go on as you have begun, and always remember that it is virtue, knowledge, industry, and prudence, that make the man, and not riches.”

With increasing years generally comes an indifference towards the young.—With Dr. Bard, as already stated, it seemed remarkably the reverse. The comfort, the pleasure, and the improvement, of the younger members of his numerous family were always to him subjects of inter-

rest and importance. He took pleasure in their society, caught animation from their eagerness, and guided and watched over them with all the zeal and interest of the most anxious parent.

The following letter to a young grandson at school, will serve to show how prompt he was to turn the providential occurrences of life to the inculcation of the highest wisdom.

Hyde Park.

MY DEAR BOY,

Your dear cousin, Catharine, was yesterday morning released from her bed of pain and sickness, exchanging this world, for one of perpetual bliss and happiness. This event will give you some painful reflections, and, I hope, occasion you to make some useful ones. You are still very young, and yet you have outlived a brother, a sister, and several cousins.—You will probably ask yourself, Why has God chosen to take them and leave me?—To such a question we can make but one answer: their deaths were to them, unquestionably, instances of the Divine mercy and goodness, because they were taken away in the innocence of childhood:—your life is continued to you to be a trial of your virtue; and according to the use you make of the time still allowed you, will you owe your future happiness or misery, both in this world and the next. If you employ it in the acquisition of knowledge, and practice of virtue, it will secure respectability and happiness here, and eternal bliss hereafter. But, if you waste your time in idleness, or mispend it in vicious indulgencies, it will end in disgrace and misery in both.

You, my dear boy, have a great deal to answer for,—you are the only representative of a name which has hitherto preserved an honourable and virtuous reputation in the world,—your great grandfather, whose epitaph in our church speaks no more than the truth, was “admired for his talents, and beloved for his virtues, by all who knew him;” and your dear father is the pride, and joy, and happiness, of his parents: and it is my most earnest prayer to Almighty God, that you may prove to your parents as great a source of pride and happiness. This I will not doubt, but cherish to my last hour the hope, that by industriously employing all the opportunities of improvement he puts within your power, and by constantly imitating his example, you may prove as useful, honourable, and good a man.

Your affectionate grandfather,

S. B.

The notice this letter contains of one source of the happiness he enjoyed, serves as an introduction to the following paper of religious reflections, found in his desk after his decease, in which he gratefully enumerates all those subjects of thankfulness which made him, in the eyes of others as well as himself, a rare and striking instance of felicitous old age. In this enumeration is certainly manifest, if not peculiar blessings, at least a peculiar sense of them,

“A cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy,”

which well deserves to be added to the list, as one of the most important and least frequent.

April 2, 1813.

“ Yesterday I entered into my seventy-first year; and when I review my past life, I find, through the whole course of it, reason only for gratitude for an almost uninterrupted succession of blessings.

“ For the liberality, almost beyond his means, with which my kind and generous father conducted my education; for his watchful care through the dangerous period of my youth; for the excellent example of his just, honourable, useful, and benevolent life; for his early introduction into the business of my profession; and for the invincible and affectionate friendship with which he treated me unto the day of his death.

“ For the many kind friends who took me by the hand at my setting out in life, and for that success in my profession, by which I have all along been comfortably supported, and enabled to lay by sufficient for an easy and independent old age.

“ For the many virtues, and most useful talents, of my dear and excellent wife; for the good order, neatness, and liberal economy, with which she has always conducted my family; for the steady, judicious, and affectionate care, with which she has assisted me in the education of our children, and to which, I firmly believe, we are, in a great measure, indebted for the happiness we now enjoy in their society; for her courage and support, under domestic afflictions, professional vexations, pecuniary losses, and other difficulties I have met with; for the constant love and fidelity with which she has blest me in health; and for the patience with which she has endured my fret-

fulness, and the tenderness with which she has almost annihilated the pains of sickness.

“ For the virtues and affectionate gratitude, the health and prosperity, of the children with which God has blessed my old age ; for the kind attention of the excellent wife he has given my son, by whom we are enabled to enjoy our present easy and tranquil life ; for the virtuous character, and kind and affectionate temper of the husbands he has given to our daughters, by which we enjoy the unspeakable happiness of seeing them happy, and being assured that whenever it shall please God to take us from them, we shall leave them under affectionate and tender protectors.

“ For the pleasing prattle, and promising virtues, of all our grandchildren ; for the society and affectionate friendship of my sisters, and brother-in-law, and for the hopes and promise of their children ; and lastly, for having, by his most gracious and singular providence, now in the evening of my days, brightened my setting sun, by collecting all these blessings around me.

“ Give me grace, O Heavenly Father, constantly to acknowledge in all these blessings thy most merciful goodness ; to feel my own demerits ; to repent sincerely of the ingratitude of my past life ; and to dedicate the future to thy service, in promoting, to the utmost of my power, the temporal and eternal happiness of my family, friends, neighbours, and all others within the reach of my ability and influence.

“ Continue thy most gracious protection and blessing to me and my dear wife, during the residue of our lives ; sustain us in death, and finally pardon and accept us, for

the sake and merits of thy son Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour."

In the year 1817, the first breach was made in the family circle at Hyde Park, by the removal of the writer of the present memoir, with his family, to New-York, upon being chosen to a professorship in the college at which he was educated.

How actively Dr. Bard laboured in its procurement is gratefully remembered by one who already owed to him more than gratitude could repay. The influence he was able to exert at so advanced an age, and after twenty years of retirement, affords a strong proof of mental vigour. In this busy world, the influence of ordinary men is lost when they cease to be active; to survive a long period of retirement, argues it both deeply rooted and well founded.

An extract from a letter to his wife, while this matter was pending, is an evidence of his exertions and feelings on this occasion; while it makes public a debt of gratitude which the author is proud to acknowledge.

New-York, Sept. 1, 1817.

MY DEAR MARY,

I have been working with all my might for that, in which, now that there is some chance of success, I begin to be almost afraid I shall succeed; but I comfort myself, and I hope the consideration will comfort

you, that I verily believe it will contribute to the general happiness and interests of our family. Hitherto, my dear wife, we have been as happy in our retirement as we could ever hope to be; and in the health and character of our children, and the promise of our grandchildren, have reaped an ample reward for all our exertions. But our family has now become so numerous that, like the bees, we must be content to swarm; and, like them, I am striving to furnish the young colony with a king and queen, who shall lead them forth, and establish them in their new habitations: nor can I think of any plan upon which we can do this with so little deprivation to ourselves, and so much benefit to our children. We shall not lose them altogether; we shall still enjoy their society in summer, when our pastor will pray with us, and preach for us, and administer to us all the consolations of religion, and foster his little church, and do good to his old friends as heretofore. This I look to for my pay, nor will I abate him one jot of it. In the spring, too, we can visit them; and once a week we shall expect the boat, or the post, with that kind of anxiety which gives a spur to our wishes, and, like a good appetite, seasons our enjoyments.

In short, my dearest friend, I think it my duty; and if it please God to bless my endeavours, why then we must submit to any privations to which it may subject us: but if it fail, why then, I shall firmly believe it ought to fail; and we shall all be equally content and happy without it."

And in another letter, he adds:—

"I never have found myself more deeply interested in any pursuit; but after doing all I can, and upon such mo-

tives, and by such means, as I sincerely approve, I hope you, and I, and all of us, will be perfectly satisfied and content. Blind to the future, we can only learn what is best by the event."

A subsequent letter to his daughter, speaks the same tone of energy and feeling.

" You see I do not eat the bread of idleness, nor ever will, while I can serve my friends. Tell mother I am in good health, and, as you see, in tolerable spirits ; which, I hope, she will not be offended at, although I am absent from her.

" I write this good news," he adds, alluding to his success, " to you, my dear child, in return for your charming and affectionate letter, that you may have the pleasure of announcing it to your husband ; and at the same time tell him, that although I would cheerfully do as much again to serve him, were you out of the question, yet, that I do it with double pleasure, as you are to partake of the benefit, and that I expect, in proportion as I love him, he will love you the more.

Your affectionate father,

S. B.

That argument and reflection should be necessary to reconcile those concerned, to a change so beneficial, in a worldly point of view, is the strongest proof of the degree of that family union and happiness of which it required the sacrifice ; and now that death and removal have so thinned its ranks and dispersed its members, that it appears but as a dream of an earlier and happier state, it may be allowed to one, who participated largely in its

pleasures, to recall a few touches of a picture of domestic felicity, rarely clouded by sorrow; and still more rarely, by want of sympathy or affection. It will, at least, have the moral value of exhibiting, in the tablature of life, an old age of cheerful enjoyment, succeeding to a youth of industry, and a manhood of virtuous usefulness.

Although the noble mansion at Hyde Park formed the central point of attraction, for children, grandchildren, and kindred; still each member of the circle, claiming, on all festive occasions, their turn of entertainment, diffused and multiplied the sources of an innocent hilarity, which none more than Dr. Bard enjoyed or promoted.

Among these he seemed especially to enjoy the simple entertainments of the parsonage, as looking round on a scene of happiness more peculiarly of his own creation: and I think I see him yet, with a countenance beaming pleasure, praising the productions of the children, encouraging the arrangements of their parents, or joining in the chorus of some little song prepared for the occasion. This was sometimes made the vehicle of sentiments which brought tears into his eyes. A trifle of that kind, which has been preserved, will indicate, at least, the feelings of love and veneration which he excited.

Hail, to the sire that in calmness reposes,
 Circled by those whom his kindness has bless'd:
 Round him, as life with its evening closes,
 He sinks in the arms of affection to rest.
 On his dear and reverend head,
 Heaven long its blessings shed,
 His presence to bless us, example to mend:

While loud the Hudson banks
 Echo our grateful thanks,
 Health to our father, companion and friend !

Hail to the sage, who, when old age advances,
 Crowns in the shade of retirement his days,
 Ended his full task, his eye upward glances,
 Waiting the meed of his great Master's praise.

Heaven long the blessing spare,
 Of his kind and watchful care ;
 Wisdom to guide us, and skill to defend :
 While loud the Hudson banks
 Echo our grateful thanks,
 Health to our father, physician, and friend !

Hail to the stem, from which we're descended,
 Or grafted, like scions, on its evergreen root ;
 Round it we cling, by its branches defended,
 Rest in its shadow, and feed on its fruit.

Long may that root be fed,
 Far may its branches spread ;
 Flourish in beauty, with fruitfulness bend ;
 While to the Hudson banks
 Echo our grateful thanks,
 Health to our father, our guardian, and friend !

Cottage, December 31, 1816.

It may be permitted to one who regarded her with the feelings of a child, to record a similar tribute to the mild virtues of Mrs. Bard's character. It will illustrate, too, what was no small ingredient in the happiness it describes, the good humoured competition which gave variety, if not spirit, to these family meetings. The evening succeeding that at the parsonage, being New-Year's day,

was spent at the house of the elder sister, when the following effusion, equally unexpected, was introduced.

The old year past, the new begun,
A father's praise so ably sung,
Our muse in vain may hope ;
Still she would try on this glad day,
In truth, if not in melody,—
With cottage strains to cope.
And this the theme—a mother's praise
Inspires and animates her lays.

That modest, unassuming worth,
Which sheds around the joys of earth,
The wife's, the mother's charms :
Example to our dawning race,
Of every virtue, every grace,
The purest bosom warms,—
Like the sweet flow'r, though past its bloom,
It scatters wide its rich perfume.

From infant years to this glad hour,
How hast Thou bless'd us, Heavenly Pow'r,
With such a watchful friend !
Our joys she has shared, our sorrows soothed,
Our devious path with roses strewed,
And blessings without end.
O may she long those blessings share,
And gild this morn on many a year !

Bellefield, Jan. 1, 1817.

Among the partakers in these rural festivities, and one whose presence always gave them a peculiar interest, was the venerable Mrs. Barton ; a lady whose warm attachment to Dr. and Mrs. Bard, through a long life, demands

some passing record,—a tribute now doubly due, since the shock of their united death seemed to break the last feeble thread which detained her in this state of mortality: and within a few days she followed them at the advanced age of 90 years, neither overcome by disease, nor broken down by infirmity. Mrs. Barton was aunt both to Dr. and Mrs. Bard, being sister to Dr. De Normandie, before spoken of, and widow to the friend and brother-in-law of our eminent countryman, David Rittenhouse. So highly was she esteemed, and so warmly beloved, that Mrs. Bard made her aunt's residence with her a previous requisite to consenting to remove to the country. From the period of that event she continued to reside with them; not only aiding, by her counsel and skill, the varied employments of a country life; but enlivening, by her good sense and cheerfulness, the monotony that after a time is apt to attend it.

At the period to which the preceding poetry refers, she had attained the age of eighty-seven years.—Independent in her occupations, actively and benevolently employed, participating in all family festivities, and with a tremulous, though sweet, voice, (which, in youth, had gained her the title of the “American nightingale,”) leading, at the supper table, a united chorus, in which the voices of four successive generations emulously contended. As a trait of superior character, of a mind that could rise above the besetting weakness of old age, I subjoin the following letter, conveying to a niece one half her fortune.

Hyde Park, Dec. 9, 1803.

DEAR SALLY,

I beg your acceptance of the enclosed bond, dated on the day which closed the allotted time of man's life, three score years and ten; and, although I have a proper sense of the great blessings I enjoy of health and understanding, yet I am sensible of my own infirmities, and would not leave to chance, or the caprice of old age, the power of altering my purpose of seeing you, before I die, in some measure independent. I beg you will make me no answer to this letter, as it is far greater happiness to me, that I have this little to give, than it can possibly be for you to receive it; and I am well convinced, from your temper and disposition, that, were the case reversed, you would have the same sentiments. To make you perfectly easy, be assured, I am not the poorer by parting with this sum: it is nothing more than shifting it from one hand to the other; and I still retain more than double the income I ever spent upon myself, at any period of my life. God bless you, my dear niece; and that you may long live to enjoy every happiness this frail life can bestow, is the sincere prayer of

Your affectionate aunt,

S. BARTON.

This rare union of qualities, alike estimable and amiable, produced their corresponding affections, respect and love, in all around her; which, added to the natural emotion excited by so advanced an age, amounted, in the

younger members of the family, to a feeling almost of veneration.

Among other remembrances placed in my hands, of this happy family society, and which are now valued, like other relics, not for what they are, but for what they recall, is the following little address to Mrs. Barton, on the celebration of her eighty-eighth birth day.

When years to worth, to worth when wisdom's joined,
 Instinctive springs the homage of the mind :
 But when religion, from her throne above,
 Crowns that assemblage in a friend we love,
 Gilding life's close with faith's unfading ray,
 Like the calm sunset of a summer's day ;
 'Tis then we think, that Heaven in kindness shows
 How age may sink, mid blessings, to repose ;
 How short the passage that to faith is given,
 From bliss on earth, to higher bliss in heaven.
 Long may that bliss be thine, dear aunt, to see
 Encircling friends, who love and copy thee :
 Learning from thee to blend, in gentle truth,
 The voice of wisdom with the charm of youth ;
 And, when thy spirit bursts from bonds of clay,
 To seek the sunshine of a brighter day,
 Then may they learn how smooth the bed of death
 To a calm conscience, and a Christian faith.

December 8, 1818.

It may not be uninteresting to add, that the pious wish, with which the above closes, was realized in no common degree ; gently sinking in the possession of all her faculties, and for two days hourly expecting dissolution, her time and thoughts were occupied with making it a lesson to her young relatives, who crowded around her dying bed ; giving to most of them some appropriate memorial of the

scene before them,—some prayer, or form of devotion, (of which her desk contained many, either composed, or transcribed, by herself,) and receiving with them the last consolations of religion,—to them the commencement, to her the termination, of the Christian race.

The last winter of Dr. Bard's life was passed by him in more than usual enjoyment.—Preceded by a long and satisfactory visit to his daughter in town, it rolled rapidly by in his usual interchange of study and amusement. Engaged in preparing an enlarged edition of his chief medical work, he found no time to hang heavy on his hands ; and it was difficult to say, from which of his varied employments, whether of labour, or amusement, he derived the greatest pleasure.

A few extracts from his domestic letters will show how brightly that flame continued to burn, which was so soon about to be extinguished.

Hyde Park, Christmas, 1820.

MY DEAR SON,

It is a very great additional source of joy, to have reason for it from our own condition, at this happy season, when all mankind are called upon to rejoice,—such is my present situation. I walk, ride, and amuse myself, out of doors with my green-house, and in doors, with my little transparent orrery ; to which I am contemplating some additions and familiar illustrations.

My green-house and flower-stands afford me considerable amusement. The plants flourish exceedingly : I spent two hours among them yesterday, and shall do so occasionally through the winter. There, if my feelings are not

wound up quite so high as some of my friends describe theirs to be, by Kean's Lear, or Richard, I am not, like them, disgusted by the other parts of the drama ; but every plant, from the royal orange and myrtle to the humble crocus, in fragrance, grace, and beauty, perform their part to admiration : and although they excite no passion of fear or mirth, of love or alarm, yet they do better,—they calm all my passions, sooth disappointment, and even mitigate the feelings of sorrow.”

In one of the latest letters he wrote, after many directions relative to obtaining books and information on some subject of his inquiries, he proceeds :—

“ I have already mentioned my good health ; and, thank God, have passed the winter free from pain ; and now begin to enjoy the spring by riding on horseback, and amusing myself in my garden ; but I do both with caution. When it is fair over head, but damp under foot, I ride my poney into the garden to give my directions, and to see my plants bursting into life, in which I take very great delight.

I have several beautiful and rare plants coming forward ; and I watch their progress with an interest which, by many people, would be thought trifling in a man of four score : but I appease my conscience by the innocence of the pursuit, and my inability for such as are more active.”

In another he adds :—

“ You see I begin to look forward to future days of enjoyment. I am at least determined that none shall

pass which may be permitted me, without some effort to render them useful to myself, or others."

Of this noble resolution a striking proof was afforded in his almost latest employment, which consisted in preparing for a distant and destitute relation the seeds necessary for a practical horticulturist, with ample directions for their management, drawn principally from his own experience. This proof of the untired energy of a benevolent mind had hardly reached its destination, ere its author was no more.

Nor was the tranquillity he displayed dependant on exemption from sorrow and disappointment. It was, at this period, tried with both : the death of a young, but favourite grandson, proved his heart with affliction.—Where he found his consolation is best shown in his own language.

" It is a hard lesson, and one, I cannot believe, required of us, to receive pain and sorrow at our Father's hand with the same feelings we do joy and blessing,—submit without murmuring we can, and even acknowledge the goodness and mercy of the hand which chastises us : yet, we cannot but feel the stripes ; and, indeed, if we did not, they would be no chastisement. Still I yield him up with the composure of Christian resignation to the will of our Merciful Father ; who not only knows, but determines what is best for those who put their trust in him."

How he bore those shocks, which misfortune sometimes inflicts upon the happiest, may be judged of from the following letter.

" Yes, my dear M'V., you are perfectly right ; misfortune properly improved, becomes the source of our great-

est blessings. If it serve to moderate our desires, at the same time that it rouses us to greater exertion ; if it control our unruly passions, and strengthen our virtuous inclinations ; above all, if it excite in our hearts true religion, and confirm our humble dependence upon the mercy and goodness of God ; then we may say, with truth, 'it is good for us to have been afflicted.'

" Whenever I pursue this train of thought I gain strength, and become ashamed and repentant that I suffer the comparatively slight reverses which we have met with, for a moment to damp me. I buckle on my armour, and prepare for the conflict with renewed vigour and fresh hopes.

" Something like despondence, I confess, will now and then assail me ; and, in spite of my better convictions, the prospect of difficulties, now when my strength begins to fail me, brings a load upon my spirits which I find it difficult to shake off ; until again an appeal to that Good Being, who has so long conducted me forward in a prosperous and happy career, calms my troubled mind, and again I feel able to submit to whatever his wisdom may direct."

On another occasion he answers some expressions of regret in these words : " from such causes we must expect both loss and disappointment ; but such loss and disappointment as arise from no fault of our own, we must learn to bear with resignation ; and instead of wasting our time in vain regrets, learn to make use of it to retrieve all we have lost." * * * * *

" What a triumph does it afford to the profligate, to find a man of his reputation so frail ; and what a lesson to us all not to be over-confident in our own strength. Such an

event shakes our confidence in human nature, and proves the wisdom and necessity of that admirable prayer which teaches us to beg that we be not led into temptation."

Of such old age, which has numbered out its days, but not its usefulness, or its enjoyments, the contemplation is too pleasing to be willingly relinquished. As the eye of the traveller is refreshed with a spot of verdure rising out of the sands of the desert, so is that of the philanthropist with such a green old age, giving relief to the monotonous and barren scenery of the infirmities and decay of life: and as the traveller draws comforting argument from it, in favour of the natural, so may we of the moral government of God: both show his power and mercy extended over all his works, and through every period of life; the powers of vegetation, dormant, but not extinct, even in the desert; and those of the intellect, oppressed, but not extinguished, under the ruins of its falling tabernacle.

It is, therefore, alike painful and pleasing to record its conclusion: painful to those who suffer by the privation; but pleasing to all who take a pride in the honours of humanity, in seeing it pass, unbroken by sorrow, in the ripeness of its age, in the fulness of its powers, from this stage of its infant probation, to its second period of advancement in knowledge and virtue.

In the month of May, 1821, while preparing for their annual spring visit to the city, Mrs. Bard was attacked with a pleuritic affection; which, after a few days, gave evidence of a fatal termination. Dr. Bard, though labouring under a similar attack, would not be separated from her; but continued to be, as formerly, her compa-

nion, nurse, and physician. Such a long and affectionate union as theirs had been, had early excited the wish, the wish the prayer, and the prayer the expectation, that in death they were not to be divided. What was thus both wished for, and expected, had become, it seems, the subject of their sleeping thoughts; and a remarkable dream of Mrs. Bard's to this effect, was now remembered, and repeated by her husband, with feelings not of superstitious, but pleasing anticipation.

The last effort of his pen was to give comfort to those who were absent. On Sunday, 20th inst., three days before his own death, he wrote with a trembling hand, a consolatory letter to his friends in New-York, who were anxiously awaiting his arrival.

This letter, which conveyed to his daughter the first intimation of danger, brought her to her paternal home a few hours too late to receive a mother's blessing; but in time to spend a few short ones of affectionate intercourse with her dying father. It was passed in calmness by both: indeed, there was no room for sorrow in such a tranquil, peaceful departure. His calm, but affectionate inquiries about absent friends, his rational directions as to future arrangements, and his freedom from all perturbation of spirit, were so foreign from the common conception of departing humanity, that the feelings could not realize it,—there were in it no images of grief from which imagination might draw her pattern.

Under these circumstances, not of stoical, but Christian composure, he sunk to rest, at 5 o'clock in the morning of the 24th May, in the eightieth year of his age, twenty-four

hours after the death of his wife!—a common grave received their remains.

Their affectionate relative, Mrs. Barton, sunk under the bereavement, and, within a few days, joined them in the land of rest.

As a summary of Dr. Bard's character, I close with the concluding sentence of a communication made to me by one who best knew his worth, and most deeply felt his loss.

“Of my father's general character,” says he, “of his candour, of the purity of his intentions, of his integrity, of the tenderness of his feelings, of his polite and affectionate manners, of his ardour in every honourable and virtuous pursuit, of his calm, but profound religious feelings, of his domestic virtues, of his cheerful temper, of his love to mankind, I dare not speak,—the recollection of them is deeply engraven on my heart, and but too fresh in my memory.”

Among the many testimonials of individual respect and condolence which this event called forth, I shall select but the following, as exhibiting the estimation in which Dr. Bard was held by an eminent foreigner and philanthropist.

Washington, June 2, 1821.

MONSIEUR,

Les Journaux m'annoncent la perte douloureuse que vous venez de faire, et je ne veux point differer

à vous exprimer toute la partie que je prends à un événement qui n'est pas seulement le deuil de votre famille, mais celui de tous les amis de l'humanité.

Agréez donc, je vous prie monsieur, mes compliments de condoleance, ils sont aussi sincères que l'estime profonde avec laquelle j'ai l'honneur d'être,

Monsieur, &c. &c.

HYDE DE NEUVILLE.

à Mr. W. Bard.

The following minute is taken from a meeting of the governors of the New-York Hospital.

June 5, 1821.

“ The governors receive, with unfeigned regret, the account of the decease of their late fellow member of this Corporation, Dr. Samuel Bard.

“ It is due to the memory of that eminent physician and philanthropist, to state, that by means of his benevolent exertions, in the year 1769, setting forth, in a public discourse, the benefits to be derived from the establishment of an hospital in the city, the present institution was originally founded. That for a number of years, amidst the arduous avocations of an extensive private practice, he performed, with unceasing fidelity and punctuality, the duties of a physician to this establishment, and was the means, under Providence, of extending its usefulness, and of elevating its character, not only as an asylum for the sick poor, but as an important means of promoting medical education in this city. The signal services rendered by Dr. Bard to this community in general, and to this institution in particular; the virtuous and religious cha-

racter for which he was uniformly distinguished ; the zealous devotion to the interests of humanity which he ever manifested as a citizen, as well as in discharge of the duties of his profession ; render it, in a peculiar manner, becoming this Board to express their high sense of his great worth, his professional merit and services, and the benefits he has conferred upon his native city and country.”

CONCLUSION.

Although in the narrative now concluded, affection may appear, in some instances, to have dictated the language, the author is not aware that in any it has exaggerated the sentiment. He believes it will meet the recollection of those who best knew the subject of it. Indeed, it was not easy to know Dr. Bard intimately, without loving and reverencing him ; so that to exclude affection from giving the picture, is to exclude that knowledge which is necessary to secure resemblance.

Of his public conduct, and professional character, the author believes he has spoken with due deference to the opinion of those who may be better judges.—Of that which has been the great aim of the memoir, the display of private character, he has spoken confidently, because he knew intimately ; and in the varied relations of social and domestic life, having proposed him as a model to himself, he is not afraid to hold him up to others as an example worthy of imitation.

FINIS..



